Saturday Review

JUNE 18, 1960 / 25¢

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ART AS ITS OWN PATRON, by Alexander Janta

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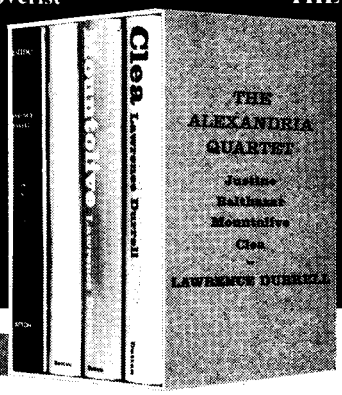

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—Granville Hicks, Saturday Review.

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IT SAYS, "THE NEW FALCON IS AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED SIX-PASSENGER CAR!"
G'WAN, CHARLIE BROWN.. IS THAT WHAT IT REALLY SAYS?
I WAS JUST KIDDING... IT REALLY SAYS, "GENUINE LEATHER"
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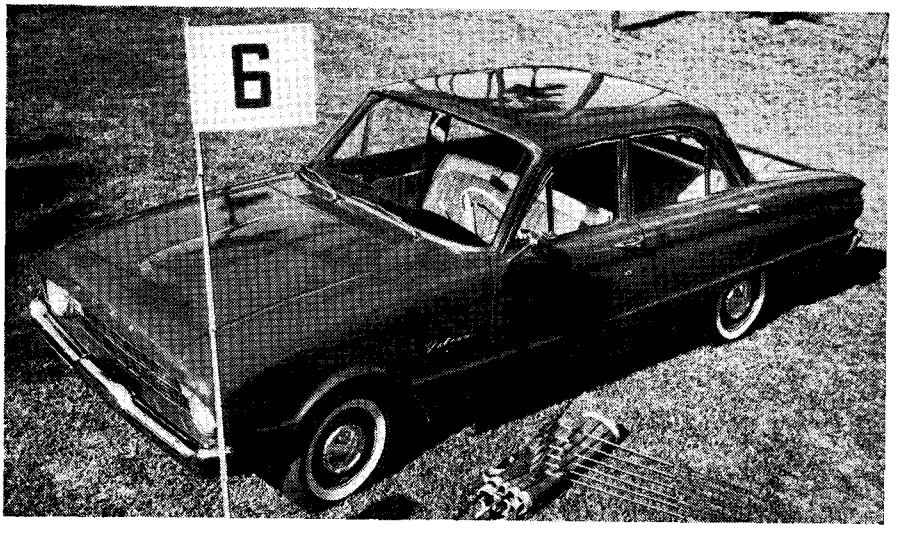

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Saturday Review

JUNE 18, 1960

SR/IDEAS

5 Perspective/1960, by Theodore H. White

11 The Individual in a Mass Culture, by George Gerbner

14 Art as Its Own Patron, by Alexander Janta

24 The Long Road Back: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

15 Granville Hicks reviews "The Letters of Herman Melville"

16 The Soviet Design for a World State, by Elliot R. Goodman; Neither War Nor Peace, by Hugh Seton-Watson

17 American Communism and Soviet Russia, by Theodore Draper

18 Woodrow Wilson: An Intimate Biography, by Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson

19 Novels for Summertime

21 The Night They Burned the Mountain, by Thomas A. Dooley; The Open Heart, by Victor Houart

22 Pick of the Paperbacks

34 Books for Young People

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Phoenix Nest

8 Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

26 *SR* Goes to the Movies

27 Broadway Postscript

28 TV and Radio

29 Booked for Travel

38 Chess Corner

42 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1369

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Perspective/1960

THE REPUBLICAN PREDICAMENT: II

By Theodore H. White

NOWHERE is the Republican predicament (see *SR*, June 11) more acutely brought to focus than in the offices from which Richard M. Nixon conducts his campaign for the Presidency of the United States.

For if the deep strategic purpose of any candidate must be to arrive at the White House with a clear image of leadership, a popular mandate, and the Congressional base to propel the American people forward, then the tactics of Nixon's campaign clash starkly with his deepest strategic needs. The clash can be simply put: Nixon's chief tactical advantage in the campaign of 1960 is the personal popularity and laying-on-of-hands of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Yet his chief strategic burden is the political legacy of the Eisenhower Administration and the unresolved party problems that Eisenhower leaves behind. How to rid himself of this political legacy without, at the same time, stripping himself of Eisenhower's friendship and reserves of personal popularity is, without doubt, the gravest problem Nixon faces.

• • •

Up to now, and all through the spring, the Nixon campaign has been dominated by the anticipated Rockefeller blitz. Rockefeller, serious or not about his candidacy, has long since publicly divorced himself from the Eisenhower Administration to appeal to the liberal center; thus Nixon has been forced, tactically, to find shelter in the President's approval and the friendship of the Republican regulars. The Vice President has thus been frozen into that rigid partisan posture and must stay frozen until the last roll call of the convention frees him to step out on his own. It is only then, and quite late in the season too, that Nixon can address himself openly to his fundamental strategic problem—how to win not only for himself but his party, how to plan effective new programs for the nation yet face a Senate that will be irrevocably Democratic and deeply hostile, how to offer the nation perspectives and banners different from Eisenhower's, yet retain the old general's vigorous patronage in the campaign.

This is only partly a matter of campaign timing, at which Mr. Nixon is a master. It is even more an exertion in political philosophy. And it is this exertion which, if Mr. Nixon is nominated, will give the Republican campaign its historic flavor. For, if Mr. Nixon is to revive his party and be elected in a way that will let him govern effectively, he must distinguish for Americans once more between the Republican and Democratic parties.

The vast and real differences between Democrats and Republicans have always been seen vaguely by political analysts and understood only intuitively by American voters. The Democrats as a party, by and large, are held together by a faith that government is there to be used as an instrument of action, that power is to be enjoyed, that leadership is an invitation to experiment and adventure. It is this unspoken faith that is the most effective recruiting agent for the brilliant young men who, all over the country, have given the Democrats their preponderant and growing strength.

Republicans, as a party, have mistrusted government as a thing in itself; deep in their philosophy lies buried the noble concept of the individual's responsibility for community action apart from government. Yet even in this philosophy, government must play a role to make possible the exercise of this individual responsibility in schools, on farms, in communities, in business, in new and effective form. And it is here that Eisenhower has most weakened his party. He has blurred the Republican vision; whether for want of executive skill or intellectual energy, he has given no banners to his party around which recruits may gather.

• • •

No new institutions or departures in any area of American life will reflect, at his leaving, the problems that have swollen in Eisenhower's Administration. Republican orators will have no TVAs, no social security, no farm legislation, no labor legislation, no Marshall plans to talk about. In Eisenhower's eight years the fantastic and wonderful world of science has come to pose for the American Government a management problem of crisis dimensions—yet 80 per cent of America's lavish expenditure on science is still fed through the bureaucracies of the Pentagon and the AEC with no attempt to marry science and government in any way the future demands. A feeble attempt has been made to dismantle the Democratic structure of farm subsidies—which has cost the Republicans their traditional farm loyalties yet has in no way solved the problem of the fields. In foreign policy the world has changed as Europe has achieved equality, Africa has become free, and China has become a giant—but the "new look" of the Eisenhower Administration has erected no new institutions or policies to meet these changes; instead, it has rigidly administered the once-brilliant, now-obsolete old Democratic policy of containment. Even in fiscal management, which has so absorbed Eisenhower's personal emotions, no creative way has been found to defend the value of the steadily eroding dollar. No glow of supreme purpose draws young people after Republican leadership as Rooseveltian and Stevensonian leadership drew young vigor into party work.

• • •

One cannot talk, even briefly, with the tiny band of young lieutenants who manage Nixon's closely held campaign without sensing in them an awareness of this problem; they already search for ideas and answers in those corners of the great university campuses which the Democrats have not already foreclosed on them. Nor can one ignore their vitality and energy, reflecting so vividly the personality of their chief, contrasting so sharply with the tired, caretaker quality of the Eisenhower entourage. For Nixon is a man with a personal zest for government as a process and for politics as an adventure. In almost every area of national concern, one feels the itch of inner-circle Nixon men to be at work on foreign policy, farm policy, science, and defense on their own. Such energy could promise for the beginning of a Nixon administration a new outburst of a "hundred days"—if only it were free to act now and recruit the Congressional base now.

It is possible that the Eisenhower personality magic, plus the mass-media amplification of the "peace and prosperity" chant, can make Richard M. Nixon President. But it cannot make him President in any way that will let him govern effectively. This he must do himself, balancing tactics and strategy as he goes. And, since Nixon seeks not only to preside but to govern, the way he meets this problem is central not only to 1960 but to the politics of the entire decade to come.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Man of Letters

Edited by Martin Levin

BALLAD OF NEWSPAPER CRITICS

WHAT with this vociferate
And reportorial array
Of belly kickers at the gate
—Of Dodos twittering, "Touché!"
And hooligans who lie in wait
With puns and mots and giddy bray—
What with this yodeling Fourth Estate
Art leads a dog's life on Broadway.

Let poet start to pass the plate
Or let a songbird launch a lay
And out they leap and ululate
And scamper up and down and spray
Stale cockroach powder on his pate
Or suffocate him with sachet—
Fame is scribbled on a slate—
Art leads a dog's life on Broadway.

Eight hours a day they coronate,
Eight hours a day strafe and flay,
Double in brass, evaluate
And allingfay on their attpray
Like Sliding Billy Watson's skate
A—down Parnassus and Cathay
Glory is worth a dime a crate—
Art leads a dog's life on Broadway.

—BEN HECHT.

• • •

COME ACROSS WITH THE FACTS

"DO YOU believe that education in our time and nation is going to improve?" lovely women often ask me at cocktail parties.

"No, ma'am," I always reply, politely. "I think it is going to hell."

"Upon what do you base those dark prognostics?" the ladies, many of whom almost got through high school before they quit to get married, will demand.

"Upon letters that I get from boys and girls in the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades of schools all over the country, asking me—nay, madam, ordering me—to write their term papers for them."

"Don't you want to hear from these children, or what?" asked Mrs. Quibble. (Let's call all these ladies Mrs. Quibble, and put this thing in the past tense, before it drives me crazy.)

"Almost all the letters indicate that we are a nation of tired teachers and apathetic pupils," I said. "I gather that the English teachers cannot interest the children in any writer that isn't living. The youngsters seem to regard all dead writers, from Thackeray to Jim Tully, as equally dull. Dead writers do not send out autographs or autographed photographs. Before long the kids will begin asking a writer for a pencil he has used, or a button from his overcoat, to be sure of getting passing grades."

Mrs. Quibble looked puzzled and skeptical. "You are not making yourself precisive," she said. "You are digressionizing. What is it that's eating you, anyways?"

"May I get you a raspberry ice?" I asked courteously. "You have had too many martinis."

"Don't get cute," she said, with fine hauteur, reaching for another martini. "Give me some instances."

"Let me say first," I said first, "one out of every thirty-two letters shows a trace of originality, even a gleam of ingenuity. If statistics interest you, one out of five girls spells 'all right' 'alright.'"

"Well, if they spell all right, then all right," snapped Mrs. Quibble. "What's eating you, anyhow?"

"That's 'anyhows,'" I said. "Leastways, if it's 'anyways,' then it has to be 'anyhows.'"

"You choose to be egnimatic," said Mrs. Quibble. "As for spelling, my great-grandmother couldn't even read or write."

"And look at her now," I said severely. "Dead and gone and forgotten by everyone on this planet save you."

"Never mind about saving me. You'd better save yourself. You're the one that needs saving," she told me. She reached for a martini on a tray, but I beat her to it.

"What disturbs me most," I said, offering her the olive, which she refused, "is the pervading apathy, the lengthening shadow of lethargy across the land. Almost everybody wants to get through school, or, rather, get *around* it, the easy way. It doesn't surprise me to learn that one can buy themes, theses, dissertations, stand-ins for exams, and even Ph.D. degrees."

"Let's get down to pacific instances about the letters you get from children," said Mrs. Quibble.

"Well, then," I said, "the average letter I get goes like this: 'I have read all your books and liked them very much, and your attitude toward life. Please answer the following questions. 1. What books have you written? 2. What is your attitude toward life? If you will answer this, I will get an A, maybe with a photograph of yourself. You are a Twentieth Century author, and so there is nothing about you in the libary.' One boy ended his letter with, 'Please process this information as soon as possible.'"

"There are worse things than that," Mrs. Quibble said, but she didn't name any. "Do you answer these children?"

"Only the ones that sound intelligent and sincere," I said. "Some of the children write from villages or ghost towns, and I believe them when they say there is no library where they live, or that it has no books that tell you anything about anybody since Tennyson. I have answered boys and girls in places like Wounded Knee, South Dakota, and Dilles Bottom, Ohio, but I refuse to do any research work or writing for New York City children."

"Do you hear from *them*?" my companion wanted to know.

"Once in a while," I said. "I answered one young lazybones and told him he was a liar when he said there was nothing about Twentieth Century writers in any New York library. Another New York youngster asked me how to dedicate a book. Since I figured he would never write a book, and probably couldn't tie his tie or shoes without help, I threw his letter away. Then I got another one from him, at once aggrieved and imperious, demanding to know how to dedicate a book. I told him."

"I suppose your letter was full of ironics," said Mrs. Quibble. This time she beat me to the martini on the passing tray.

"I told him that he could dedicate it 'To Mom,' or 'To Madge Mudge,' or 'To Pop,' but I suggested that if he ever did write a book, the most fitting dedication should probably go like this: 'To Miss Gorby, whom, without she had learnt me English, this book never would of been written.'"

"Nobody is as unliterate as that, and you know it," said Mrs. Quibble.

"They ain't, huh?" I said. "You should see my mail, which, without I got so much of it, I might of got more written."

I could tell from Mrs. Quibble's expression that she was seeking for a single sentence with which to destroy me and my subversive attitude toward American education. She found it at last.

"The trouble with you is, you just don't like no children," she said coldly.

"You are wrong, madam," I said icily. "I *do* like no children."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Thurber does like children, but he thinks nothing of abusing truth to point up a grammatical outrage.*) —JAMES THURBER.

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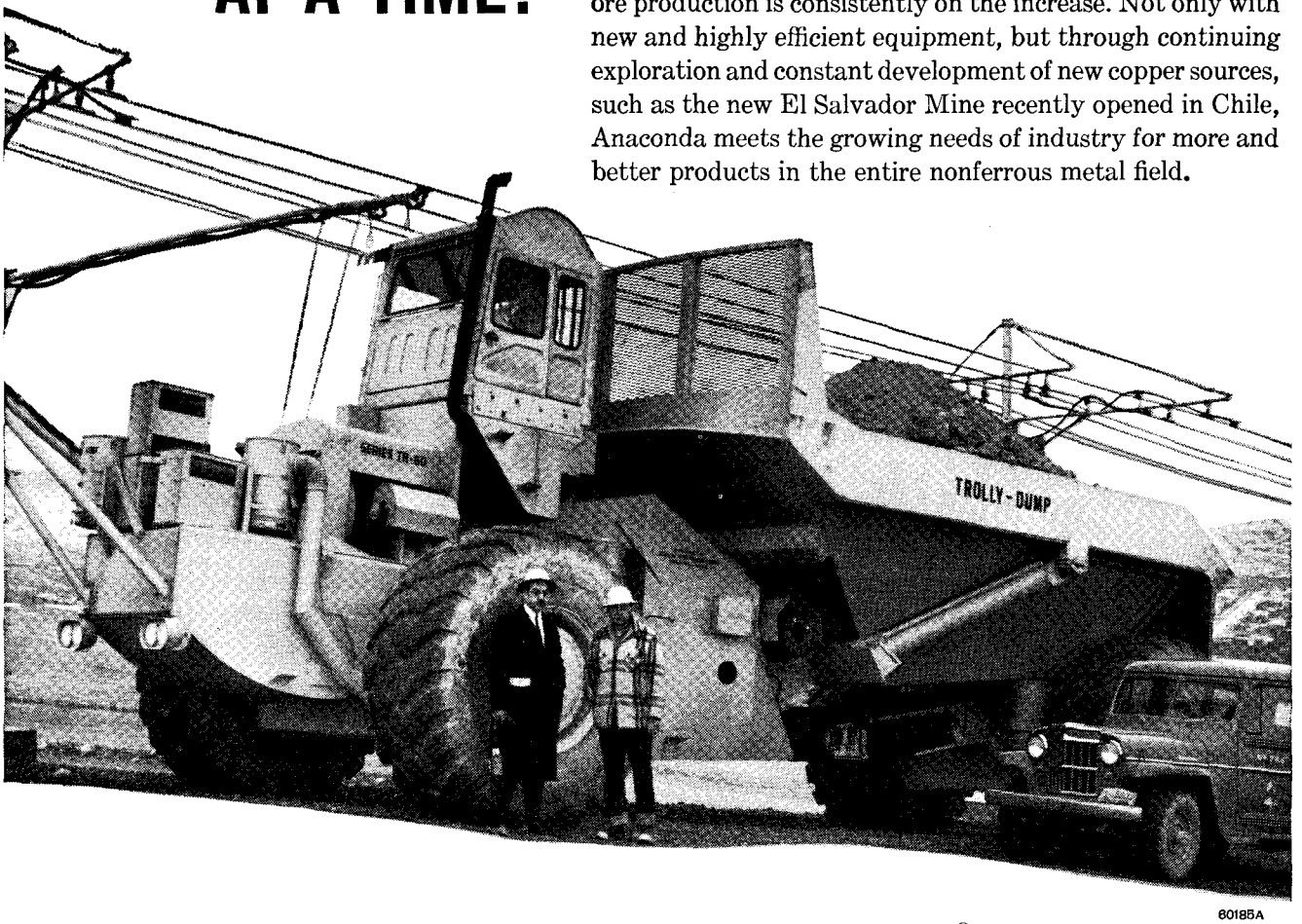
THE MOST POWERFUL TRUCK IN THE WORLD

moves copper ore— 75 TONS AT A TIME!

A far cry from the miner's mule of the '80s, this new mammoth ore truck performs Herculean tasks in Anaconda's Berkeley Pit at Butte, Montana. Still in the experimental stage, the gigantic vehicle hauls ore up-grade out of the pit, 75 or more tons at a time. Designed to replace Diesel trucks with less than half the capacity, it operates electrically on special trolley wires and each of its four outsized wheels can deliver 400 horsepower, a total of 1600 horsepower—making it the most powerful truck in the world. Without a load, it can leave its trolley wires and operate on 350 horsepower supplied by its own Diesel generator.

Huge as it is, Anaconda's new truck is in proportion with the vast Butte operation. One of the richest mineral areas ever discovered, Butte has supplied industry with more than *three billion dollars in mineral wealth.* Up to 1959, more than 7 million tons of copper had been mined at "the richest hill on earth"—which has also been a bountiful source of zinc, manganese, lead, silver and gold.

Current production at Butte continues to set king-sized standards, and the new king-sized ore truck is part of a system which moves more than 28,000 tons of ore a day at the Berkeley Pit. This is just one reason why the Company's ore production is consistently on the increase. Not only with new and highly efficient equipment, but through continuing exploration and constant development of new copper sources, such as the new El Salvador Mine recently opened in Chile, Anaconda meets the growing needs of industry for more and better products in the entire nonferrous metal field.



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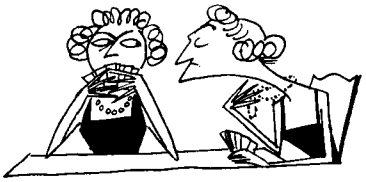
TRADE Winds

SOME OF THE BEST parts of Jack Olsen's amusing and informative new book, "The Mad World of Bridge" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), are in the chapter devoted to cheating at the bridge table. The usefulness of cheating is illustrated by the story about the time P. Hal Sims and his wife played with some friends who were allowed to use any crooked methods they could think of. Since Mr. Sims was the best player in the country at the time, and his wife wasn't far behind, this arrangement was agreed upon in order to make the game even.

"You may do *anything*," Mr. Sims told them. "You can bid hearts when you mean spades; you can have foot signals; you may signal for leads—anything."

The Simses won, of course, because any amount of cheating couldn't produce a good enough game to win. Nevertheless, bridge players for years have been coughing, rocking, humming, tapping their feet, yawning—whatever they can think of—to help their partners. What can you do about it? Well, one woman told a snoopy opponent: "I wish you wouldn't look into my hand; I happen to be superstitious."

One anecdote is credited to Albert



Morehead, who tells about the player who was dying to get his partner to shift away from hearts, and wanted to play a low heart to indicate it. But he had no heart lower than an eight, and if he played a card that high, he knew his partner would take it as an encouragement in the suit. So he dropped his entire hand on the floor. As he stooped to pick it up, he said:

"Don't wait for me, I'm playing a low heart."

ONE OF THE MOST helpful books I've come across is a new one entitled "The Magic Power of Emotional Appeal," by Roy Garn (Prentice-Hall). It is concerned with "the fine art of swaying opinion in any situation." Chapter 10 gives a pretty good idea of how this works. It is called "Win Arguments and Settle Disputes with Emotional Appeal Technique."

There are eight argumentative subjects: religion, politics, personal taste, appearance, intelligence, choice of friends, accomplishments, and blood relations. Now, do you know the secret of winning arguments on these themes? Here are the rules:

"First: Find out which side of the argument your listener is taking.

"Second: Smile and reserve comment unless you agree.

"Third: Follow the first suggestion.

"As quickly as you can, change the subject. . . . Do not lead into another of the Argumentative Eight.

"The best way to avoid an argument is to agree with the speaker!

"Say, 'You're perfectly right!'

"You'll win arguments, settle personal disputes, and become a far more tactful individual."

HAVE YOU GOT THAT through your head? Well, the next lesson in Winning Arguments and Settling Disputes Through Emotional Appeal deals with what we call Conversational Traps. Here are a few samples from Roy Garn's list of twenty-two Conversational Traps:

"You're not the man you used to be!"

"Can't you let someone else make a dollar?"

"Why don't you mind your own business?"

"I should never have married you!"

"Gosh, Pat, you're almost completely bald."

"Why is it, Dolores, that other girls have lots of boy friends—and you don't even have one?"

"They must have seen you coming. I bought the same thing for $10 less."

Here the author's advice is clear. These and similar statements have proved to be "argumentative dynamite" and the thing to do is avoid using such Conversational Traps. Well, he must know what he is talking about, although I have a feeling that Pat and Dolores would have been very happy together.

YOU KNOW HOW it is; sometimes you're in the mood and you can sit and read a dictionary, an encyclopedia, an almanac, or even a map just as though it were an exciting novel. I've been doing it with a Permabook by Joseph Nathan Kane, "Facts About the Presidents," just thumbing through the thousands of items. Regarding their love life, for instance:

Andrew Johnson married when he

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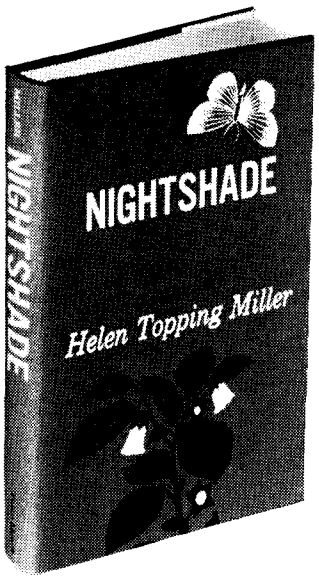
—Dr. Daniel A. Poling, *Christian Herald*



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was eighteen and she was sixteen. Grover Cleveland didn't marry until he was forty-nine. His bride was twenty-one. John Tyler was fifty-four when he remarried; she was thirty years younger. And Benjamin Harrison was married for a second time when he was sixty-two. He and Washington, Fillmore, and Harding were married to women older than themselves. Perhaps the reason Buchanan was the only President to remain a bachelor is explained in this mysterious note:

"In the summer of 1819, James Buchanan, twenty-eight, was engaged to twenty - three - year - old Ann Caroline Coleman, the daughter of Robert Coleman of Lancaster, Pa. While on a visit in Philadelphia she took an overdose of laudanum and died there on December 9, 1819."

HERE IS A report from one of our agents at John Wiley & Sons:

"Bill Bennett, our harassed copy chief, was riding herd on his copy staff for some bloopers that had slipped into print. (It happens in the best of publishing companies.) As she heard Bill scold, Pat Koob, assistant copy chief and editor of the Wiley Bulletin, murmured, 'What are we, anyway—Bennett's Serfs?' "

IN AN ITEM which he entitles "Caveat Emptor (Magazine Division)" Caskie Stinnett ("Out of the Red") reports the arrest in Indiana a few weeks ago of a magazine salesman whose operations had come under the scrutiny of the local Better Business Bureau.

"I was selling several magazines," he said, a little sadly, "but I was doing better with *Collier's* than with any of the rest."

INCIDENTALLY, the Crowell-Collier radio station in Minneapolis got itself into hot water at the time of the recent air raid drill. A few days before the test, Station KDWB made periodic announcements to the effect that "a paramecium is loose in the Twin Cities." When scared citizens telephoned in, they were informed that a paramecium is nothing to worry about, and were then given a pitch about cooperating in the forthcoming drill.

But KDWB had neglected to explain to Civil Defense officials what the gag was, and the station has had its wrist slapped. Seems a lot of people were out in the streets trying to catch a paramecium, or at least get a look at one.

ANOTHER ONE of those clever Merritt Parkway signs in Connecticut: DON'T PUT YOUR ELBOW OUT TOO FAR—IT MAY GO HOME IN ANOTHER CAR.

PERHAPS THOSE PEOPLE in Indiana who are waiting for their *Collier's* to be delivered can read Theodore H. White's "A View from the Fortieth Floor" (Sloane) in the meantime. It's about the folding of a magazine empire. Any resemblance to living persons or real events is entirely coincidental; the Crowell-Collier building doesn't even have twenty floors, much less forty.

And just because Mr. White was working there in 1956 when the magazines went *kaput* doesn't mean too much beyond the fact that it's where he got the idea for the novel. But how could he avoid writing the book? During the last months of the year, when editors and admen were going around telling each other that we were over the hump, and that from here on in it was sure to be clear sailing, Teddy White was trouble-shooting for management.

His job was to conduct confidential interviews with anyone and everyone —copy boys and researchers and elevator operators as well as vice presidents—to find out just what was right and what was wrong with the publishing firm. It was all confidential and it all went into a big notebook he kept under lock and key. If a stenographer said the editor-in-chief ought to be fired, or if the art director said he needed an electric pencil sharpener, or if a writer said the rates were too low, it all went into the notebook.

Just about the time Mr. White was preparing to make his report on what was wrong with the magazines, the real trouble became apparent: the board of directors had abolished them. So the trouble-shooter walked out with the notebook, it appears, and if management is still interested in getting that report, they can darn well read the novel or wait for the movie.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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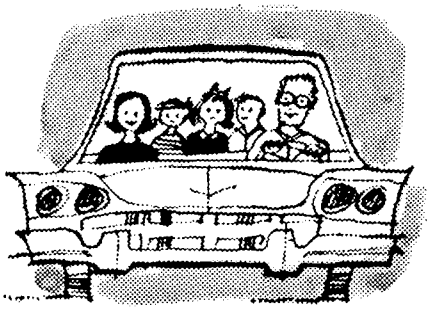

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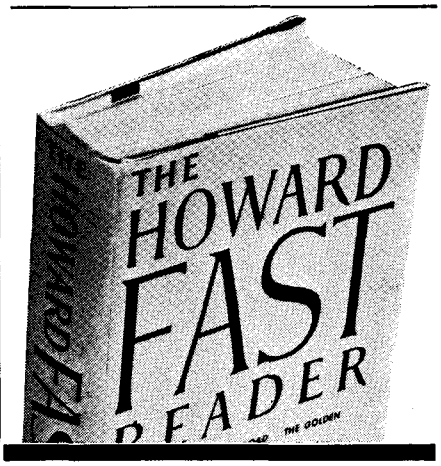
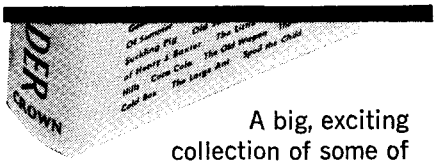


A FEAST OF FAST



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CHARLESTON CITIZENS WATCH THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER, APRIL 12, 1861. FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

Act I, Scene I, of America's Civil War

"...a sullen red spark climbed up the black sky, seemed to hang motionless for a final instant directly overhead, and then came plunging down to explode in great light and rocking sound that would reverberate across the land to make an end and a beginning."

Bruce Catton
PULITZER PRIZE HISTORIAN
AUTHOR OF "THIS HALLOWED GROUND," DOUBLEDAY

Charleston, South Carolina, is one of our loveliest cities, peacefully sunning itself in the flower-scented air. Yet in this city, bright with spring, we began our most terrible war... *the one war that is ours alone,* shared by no other nation. Small wonder that its centennial will be observed with so much imagination and pride.

Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, was the first and perhaps the strangest action of the war. Here American fought American, with great honor on both sides. No man was killed, and the Carolina gunners paused between salvos to cheer the heroism of the fort's Union defenders. You see the thick walls that protected Major Anderson's 128 men against 3,000 Confederate shells, and the scars give dramatic proof of the danger men faced for an idea. In the museum, now being completed, you see the original flag, and the ammunition that could not be fired because no powder bags were left. Wherever you walk in the 2.4 acres of Fort Sumter, so accurately restored by the National Parks Service, you feel the pulse of history beating strong.

In Charleston, too, the years roll back. Come see the beauty and share the memories of this city that time has spared, where yesterday seems as real as tomorrow. You'll never regret it, *for no matter where you were born, what happened here irrevocably shaped your way of life.* Remember it with pride.

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Saturday Review
JUNE 18, 1960

THE INDIVIDUAL IN A MASS CULTURE

By GEORGE GERBNER, *associate professor at the Institute of Communications Research, University of Illinois.*

IT TAKES 17,000 different job classifications to produce an ordinary can of peas. Thousands more are needed to market the millions of cans that must be sold to pay the producers and to make a profit. A small army of specialized talent must convince us, therefore, that one brand of ordinary peas is like no other brand of ordinary peas. Finally, we need a detachment of artists, performers, and technicians to create the popular cultural atmosphere in which the vibrant image of the brand and the corporate profile of its provider may be etched in the public mind. All this is a genuine aspect of mass culture.

Mass culture today has absorbed and utilized previously existing forms and functions of high and folk and class cultures, developed new forms of its own, and transformed the whole into a historically new phenomenon. The facts of this transformation are so obvious that we often take them for granted. Parents used to wonder how they spent their time before they had children. Today they are equally apt to ask, "What did we do before television?"

As a nation we now devote more time to the consumption of mass-produced communications than to paid work, or play, or anything except sleep (and the "late show" is cutting into that, too). Television alone, only ten years old as a mass medium, now demands one-fifth of the average person's waking life. Comic books, twenty years old, can sell one billion copies a year at a cost of $100 million—four times the budget of all public libraries, and more than the cost of the entire book supply for both primary and secondary schools. Movies, developed within a lifetime, reach 50 million people who still go to theatres each week. The same number stay home and watch movies on TV *each night*—a total of 400 million a week.

But such facts and figures illuminate only one facet of the transformation. They do not reveal anything about changes in the structure, context, and orientation of popular culture.

Homo sapiens became a recognizable human being through collaboration, community, and communications. Of these, communication is the most uniquely human element in the pattern. It is unique especially in its symbolic representation and re-creation of the human condition. This symbolic representation and re-creation—whether we call it news, information, or entertainment—is the heart of popular culture. This is the shared communicative context of messages and images through which society reveals to each of its members the varieties, limitations, and potentials of the human condition.

The basic social function of popular culture is, therefore, to make available to all members of the species the broadest range of meanings of their own humanity that society makes possible, and, in turn, to help them build such societies as new conceptions of the human potential may require.

Popular culture can fulfill such functions to the extent that it makes available representations and points of view that enable men to judge a real world, and to change reality in the light of reason, necessity, and human values. To that extent, popular culture also forms the basis for self-government.

Men's experiments with self-government are predicated on a historically new conception of popular culture. This new conception assumes that men have such consciousness of existence as they themselves provide for in communications; that reason confronts realities on terms culture makes available; that societies can be self-directing only to the extent, and in ways, that their popular cultures permit them to be so.

Much has happened since some of these assumptions found expression in the First Amendment. Popular culture has come to be mass-produced and har-

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nessed to the service of a marketing system.

The Founding Fathers made life, liberty, and property subject to law but tried to protect freedom of speech and press from the main threat *they* knew — government. They did not foresee the revolutionary cultural development of our time: the transformation of public communication into mass-produced commodities protected from the laws of the republic but subjected to the laws of property and of markets.

Today the words of Andrew Fletcher, uttered in 1704, reverberate in the halls of the Academy (and, at times, of Congress): "I believe if a man were permitted to write all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of the nation." For ours is a revolution in the making of all the ballads.

The "ballads" of an age are those vivid, dramatic accounts and images which compel attention for their own sake and which, in so doing, provide common assumptions about man, life, and the world. They are the means through which society communicates to its members.

Today these means are big, few, and costly. They are owned, controlled, and supported by industrial enterprises of mass communication. These enterprises, and the industries that support them, bear central responsibility for decisions affecting popular culture. It falls to them to safeguard the freedom to reflect on the requirements and dreams of a real world. But there are neither Constitutional guarantees nor alternative forms of support to protect the mass media in carrying out these responsibilities and in safeguarding these freedoms.

THE strategy of private-enterprise mass production is geared to careful assessment, cultivation, and exploitation of marketable desires. A detachment of intelligence specialists probes public fancy; reconnaissance brings in the sales charts, cost-per-thousand figures, consumption statistics; corporate headquarters issues a series of battle orders; an army of popularity engineers prepares compelling messages designed to make the public want what it will get. Then vivid images of life roll out of the "dream factories," produced to exacting specifications to sell the public what it wants. These are the images and messages through which millions see and judge and live and dream in the broader human context. And the conditions of sale are implicit in the content and quality of the dream. What are these implications? How do these conditions of sale affect the individual's image of himself? How is that image changing?

Individual means indivisible, a single separate person. Individuality is the sum total of characteristics that set one individual apart from all others. What leads to differentiation and uniqueness of individual existence? One factor is the range of responses required by the environment. Life probably began in the depth of the oceans where food can float to the simplest organism with little effort or sensation on its part. A higher form of differentiation is required when the organism can float against the current, as well as with it, in search of food. But with the highest forms of life we get a tremendously more complicated pattern because of the operation of another factor: social life. Specialization in the performance of socially necessary tasks leads to further differentiation and uniqueness. When 17,000 different job classifications go into the canning of peas we have an intricate social network both relating and differentiating ways of making a living, which is the material basis of individualized existence.

But existence by itself is not consciousness of existence. Between human existence and our consciousness of existence stand the symbolic representation and imaginative re-creation of existence that we call culture. Culture is itself a historical process and product. It reflects the general productive structure of society, the role and position of communications institutions, the dominant points of view their role and position impart to these institutions, and certain overriding myths, themes, and images.

Man was first defined in the image of his tribe. His first glimpse of individual identity in Western culture was the figure of the Greek hero in conscious separation from the tribe. The separation led to conflict, conflict to tragedy. Not until greater personal control over the means of livelihood made a larger measure of individualized existence possible did we regain a clear vision of individual identity. This came when the accumulation of some private property made independence, self-reliance, and even equality at least conceivable. But the awareness was rooted, as it had to be, in a denial of cultural forms out of tune with new social realities. Begin by doubting everything, said Descartes, arguing against medieval philosophy and ecclesiastical authority. Get rid of your assumptions and preconceptions. This will force you to acknowledge only one thing: that you doubt. Good. You have just affirmed your existence as an individual. "I think, therefore I am."

THIS proof of separate existence hardly fortified the individual, now cast adrift from the moorings of the old certainties and social patterns, for what was to follow. The industrial system gave private control over the means of livelihood, and over the dominant interpretations of the meaning of life, again to a few. Today less than two-tenths of 1 per cent of all American corporations employ half the people who produce all the nation's wealth. An even smaller percentage employ or subsidize most of those who create the bulk of cultural output consumed by almost all the people. Food for our thoughts and even for our doubts has become a mass-produced commodity.

This brings us back to the question posed earlier: What are the implications of mass-produced culture for the individual, and for his awareness of individuality?

Mass culture is mass-production of popular-culture commodities and their rapid or instantaneous distribution to widely dispersed, heterogeneous audiences. Inherent in the centralization, speed, and scope of mass culture are some basic transformations affecting our view of time, space, life, and the social process.

Time has been compressed, chopped up into fragments, and telescoped into the present. Yesterday's "news" lines our garbage cans before we have an opportunity to place it in perspective. History must be written before it is made. Montaigne could say four centuries ago that "The only good histories are written by those who had command

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in the events they describe." But today command over the *description* of events gives a large measure of command over the events themselves. We compete for the right to represent the "spirit of our age" while we still live it; the prize for the dominant description is influence in the age we purport to represent. David Riesman notes the tendency for intellectuals to create myths of themselves by writing autobiographies while still quite young, "as if the principle of buying on credit and living now rather than later was extended into all spheres of intellectual life."

Not only has our image of the world been telescoped into the present, but the process of description and image-making has also been short-circuited. Margaret Mead recently called attention to a whole new dimension of learning: "the lateral transmission to every sentient member of society of what has just been discovered, invented, created, manufactured, or marketed."

Here we are dealing not only with time but also with space and the social process. Instead of the slow filtering-down process, we have the almost simultaneous introduction of ideas and products at all levels of society. The distant and strange becomes familiar and the "new" commonplace; space becomes flexible, and the flow of influence appears lateral because everybody can be exposed to the same sources.

IN the new contexts of time, space, and mass-produced representations of the social process, the individual's symbolic environment is unquestionably enriched. In their studies of society in transition, Daniel Lerner and his associates found the "traditional personality" with low or no exposure to mass culture often incapable of conceiving of being anyone else or living anywhere outside his village or having opinions on matters outside his ken. Experience mediated through mass culture, Lerner suggests, "simplifies perception (what we 'see') while greatly complicating response (what we 'do'). In this way the media have helped to shape the modern, highly responsive self-system. This is the style of life partially characterized by David Riesman as "other-directed." But the term "empathy," Lerner writes, "more nearly does justice to the elements of skill and the positive social functions of other-direction. Empathy enables people to respond efficiently to strange and varied stimuli; in so doing it enlarges the self-system of ordinary people. By enabling them to 'see' the other fellow's situation more readily, empathy provides the psychological underpinning for the participant lifeways of modern society."

So far we have looked at some implications of the existence of modern mass culture about which there is relatively little controversy among critics, scholars, and researchers. But what I call the "silver lining" school of thought among students of popular culture goes beyond these observations. It goes on to chastise "disappointed intellectuals" for lamenting the failure of a cultural millennium to follow material abundance; it calls attention to the achievements of our consumer-oriented society of "comfort and fun," including achievement of the new human right—"the right to be constantly entertained." It considers lives and tastes to be improved as well as enriched by mass culture. And it claims that whatever is wrong with mass culture is just the price we pay for all that is right—we must take it or leave it as a whole.

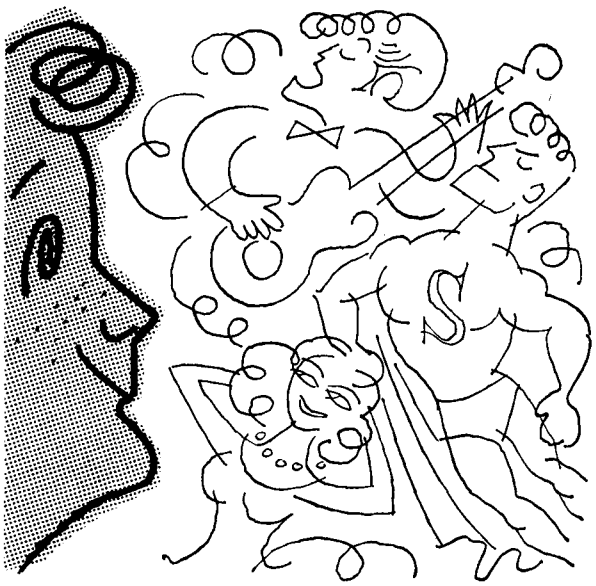
Those who have their eyes fixed on the cloud rather than the silver lining present a very different diagnosis. They assert that by obscuring and distorting the structure of social relations, mass culture isolates man from society and robs him of his sense of productive usefulness to others.

The transformation of publics into audiences and mass markets for popular culture relegates the citizen to the role of consumer, the critics charge. The consumer may accept or reject what is offered but he can only come to terms and never to grips with the structure of his society. "Men in masses are gripped by personal troubles," writes C. Wright Mills, "but they are not aware of their true meaning and source." The consumer of that can of peas finds it easier to develop brand loyalties and attachments to corporate images than to feel any sense of kinship to the nameless and faceless thousands who in fact make his living possible.

The chief media of cultural industry "not only continue to affirm the *status quo*," write sociologists Lazarsfeld and Merton, "but, in the same measure, they fail to raise essential questions about the structure of society. . . ."

EDUCATORS especially wonder about the consequences inherent in the commercial compulsion to present life in salable packages. They observe that in a market geared to immediate self-gratification, other rewards and appeals cannot successfully compete. They are concerned about subjecting young people to a dramatically heightened impact of the adult environment as the target audience of consumers presumably wishes to see it. There is fear of distortion and moral confusion in the image of the human condition that might emerge. And there is suspicion that the appeal to juvenile fantasy, role experimentation, curiosity, and even anxiety and revolt, may be based more on the private necessity of developing habits of consumer acceptance than on the public requirements of developing critical judgment and of defining essentials of a useful life in society.

Not least among the paradoxes confronting "people of abundance" having "comfort and fun" in the "affluent society" is the shadow of *want* rather than surfeit in our midst, and around the world. The soothing voice titillates lethargic consumers while muted government reports speak of as many as one out of every five American families living in stubborn pockets of permanent poverty. And before the message is over, somewhere within half a day's jet-range of the voice a spider-bellied child whimpers and lies still forever. The image of the human condition reflected in the selective mirror of mass culture defies full moral comprehension; it can be grasped only in terms of the privileges of the market place, of purely private rewards of the moment, dangerously divorced from the world of crying needs with which the present market structure cannot effectively connect.



The charge of the critics is, in brief, that for all its attractions and private satisfactions, our mass culture does not link the individual to that real world of existence in which he can become an autonomous person, in which he can base his direction on an awareness of the existing structure of his relations

(*Continued on page* 36)

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ART AS ITS OWN PATRON

By ALEXANDER JANTA,
a writer on international cultural relations and a member of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America.

ONE CAN estimate, with a fair degree of accuracy, how much —or, more precisely, how little— Rembrandt or Schubert or Melville earned during his lifetime. It would be somewhat more difficult to calculate how much their works have earned since they died. Yet it is apparent that the products of their talents have produced, and are going to continue producing, colossal sums.

The money-earning potential of creative minds has never been assessed as investments based on scientific and technical inventions are. Nevertheless, striking parallels exist. Just as inventions may prove to be sources of profit for patent-holders, manufacturers, and distributors, so creative works often bring vast earnings to countless technicians, agents, producers, auctioneers, record makers, impresarios, and publishers. Indeed, an enormous business empire exists throughout the world, based on the continually increasing capital produced by the works of artists.

Curiously, though, this money has never been made to serve the interests of culture in any consistent way. Yet it easily could, if even a small portion were set aside to nourish the talents of creative individuals, of the very people who will in turn produce new cultural assets that may bring dividends for centuries to come.

In the United States a handful of foundations has made substantial headway in helping artists develop their talents without the pressure of worrying about where the next meal is coming from. But this method of financing the arts is necessarily limited; it cannot have the far-reaching impact that is desirable if we are really to appreciate, rather than merely tolerate, large numbers of our creative people.

It seems to me that the time is ripe for seeking out a new approach to this problem. A few efforts have already been made in that direction. The program of the Democratic Party, for example, asks for "legislation providing incentives for those who have the talent to provide cultural assets for the nation. . ." and recognizes that encouragement and support for the development of cultural assets is one of the ways to "give every American citizen a happier way of life."

And only recently Adlai Stevenson, commenting on this same theme, recommended "the strenuous stretching of mental and artistic talent" and called for "new standards of respect and reward for intellect and culture."

On the other side of the political fence, Senator Jacob K. Javits of New York offered a different solution about a year ago when he introduced a bill to establish a United States Arts Foundation. Although concerned exclusively with the performing and not the creative arts, the bill was aimed at "promoting education, national culture, recreation, skill in the arts, and beneficial utilization of leisure time." In a Declaration of Policy that accompanied the measure, Senator Javits observed that "the general welfare will be promoted by providing national recognition of the status of the theatre and other performing arts as a cherished and valued part of the nation's cultural resources since colonial days. . . ."

But the problem of providing support for people of serious creative bent demands broader solutions than have thus far been suggested. In its special issue on the American imagination not long ago, the *Times Literary Supplement* (London) said, "If neither a Bach nor a Michelangelo has as yet appeared in Detroit, a splendid mass of evidence has been assembled to point the way. Not only is the talent visible in ever-increasing quantity but the facilities for using it exist as nowhere else."

TO nurture this growing body of talented creators, support is needed beyond that which can be mustered by foundations, universities, and the government. And I think the "splendid mass of evidence" points the way to this goal.

Several groups of people are, in one way or another, involved. There are, first of all, the *creators*, the originators of the cultural substance. Secondly, there are the *carriers*, among whom are interpreters, performers, critics, chroniclers, and commentators—all those who help present the work of the creators. Third, there are the *consumers*—the portion of the public that appreciates creative achievement enough to want to share its results.

But in addition to the creators, the carriers, and the consumers, there are still other important participants in this enterprise, and these might be called the *caterers*. They are the men and the organizations who translate the original product of the creator (with help from appropriate carriers) into a form that often results in significant financial profit. They clearly demonstrate a principle seldom recognized: that the work of creators represents a capital investment from which dividends are endlessly obtainable. Because of this, the basis for the growth of contemporary creative talent can be found not only spiritually, but also materially, in the achievements of earlier creators. We should not forget that the heritage left to humanity by the great creative spirits of the past is not exclusively spiritual. Far from it. And it is the material aspect of creativity that offers a solution to our problem.

WITH the growth of population the world over, the raising of educational and living standards, and the inevitable extension of leisure, the money-making potential of established works of creative genius—through exhibitions, concerts, live and filmed shows, television, books, and magazines—will be increasing constantly. But there is no clear sign that contemporary or future creators are likely to derive any help from it. This is of course nothing new. One can hardly forget Rembrandt's burial as a pauper, or the pathetic outcry of Mozart, who at the end of his short but immensely productive life wrote: "I have come to the end before having had the enjoyment of my talent."

Gian-Carlo Menotti, in describing the life of the creator in the United States, once said that the average American has little or no respect for the creative artist and is apt to consider him an almost useless member of the community. How different this situation would be if he were shown in his true role as a potential provider of new wealth, the profits of which may ultimately be shared and enjoyed by virtually everybody.

In addition to our traditional neglect of creative artists, there is still another aspect of the problem that must be taken into account. "The American father," Menotti has said, "feels apologetic for the fact that his son may want to pursue a non-money-making profession and concentrate on spiritual values—more proud of a son who can earn his living at twenty-one than of the struggling one, who one day may be the pride of the country and whose

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Correspondence of a Gentle Man

By Granville Hicks

MERRELL R. DAVIS and William H. Gilman have performed a prodigy of scholarship in their edition of **"The Letters of Herman Melville"** (Yale University Press, $6.50). Their first task, of course, was to locate as many as possible of the letters that have survived, and the figures they give in the introduction are interesting. The volume contains 271 letters or extracts from letters, and of these forty-three have not been previously published.

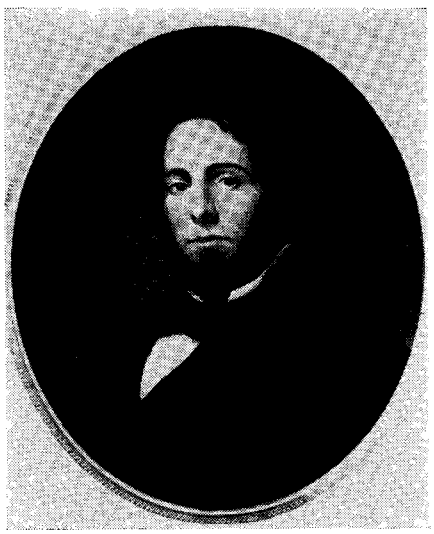
The second job was the establishment of the text. Melville was not only a bad speller and a poor penman; he had a habit of omitting letters or even whole syllables, writing "affectntly," for instance, for "affectionately," or "endeavrd" for "endeavored." Davis and Gilman, for the sake of readability, have remedied these omissions in the text, but then, in a long appendix, they have itemized, letter by letter, the changes they have made. Thus it is possible for the reader to reconstruct a letter in the form in which Melville wrote it.

Finally, the editors have sought to identify every person mentioned in the letters, and their researches have taken them into obscure corners: genealogies, family histories, city directories, records of publishing houses, court documents, and many newspapers and magazines.

The volume was prepared by scholars for scholars, but it will interest anyone who is interested in Herman Melville. To me, one of the most striking things is the great hiatus: the editors have not located a single letter written between January, 1841, when Melville set sail on the whaler *Acushnet*, and October, 1844, when he returned to this country on the frigate *United States*. As everyone knows, his experiences in these months are reflected in five of his books: directly in "Typee," "Omoo," and "White Jacket"; indirectly in "Mardi" and "Moby Dick." How exciting it would be if there were just one letter that he wrote his mother or some other member of his family, say after his escape from Typee! Although he may not have been able to write often in these wandering years, we know Melville well enough to be sure that there were letters to his home, and it seems a pity that they have all vanished, for there is much that they could tell us about the way his imagination worked.

In the second place, I am struck by the way the letters to Nathaniel Hawthorne stand apart from the remainder of the correspondence. These are not new; in fact, they were the first Melville letters to be published—by Julian Hawthorne in "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife" (1884). But their quality is more startlingly apparent when one comes upon them after reading dozens of formal business letters and pleasant little notes to relatives and friends. It is true that Melville had sometimes revealed himself in letters to Evert Duyckinck, the editor who was his friend and benefactor, but it was only to Hawthorne that he disclosed the heights and depths of his being. The letters were written at the high point in Melville's creative life, while he was finishing and just after he had finished "Moby Dick," and they are touched by the same fire.

The collection begins quietly enough. There is an interesting letter that Melville wrote his uncle about his experiences teaching a country school near Pittsfield, and then there is a group of rather sophomoric letters to an Albany paper. Soon after comes the great hiatus, and the next time we see Melville, he is engaged in writing "Typee." His letters to publishers, here and in England, show him sufficiently but by no means obsessively attentive to the practical details of his literary career.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Herman Melville as a young man.

Sometimes he makes significant comments on his work, as in his letters to John Murray about "Mardi." As I have suggested, the liveliest letters in this period are those to Evert Duyckinck. There are, for instant, some striking remarks about Emerson, which lead to this observation: "I love all men who *dive*. Any fish can swim near the surface, but it takes a great whale to go down stairs five miles or more."

After the letters to Hawthorne, which diminish in intensity as time passes, the tone is again quiet. At first the many letters to publishers show how hard Melville was working to keep himself financially afloat as a writing man, but eventually he abandoned the effort, turning from prose to poetry. ("Of all human events, perhaps, the publication of a first volume of verse is the most insignificant," he wrote his brother in 1860.) In 1866 he took a position as a customs inspector in New York, which he held until 1885. Most of the letters from that period are addressed to members of his family.

SOME biographers have suggested that, after the collapse of Melville's literary career, which had begun so promisingly, he became something of a recluse. The letters do not bear this out. We see Melville in these later years as moderately sociable, affectionate in his relations with those who were close to him, outwardly cheerful. On the other hand, he seems subdued, and the letters have an air of gentle resignation. There are few allusions to the poetry he was writing. When there were signs, as there sometimes were, that his work was not entirely forgotten, he replied to his admirers with mild pleasure.

Davis and Gilman list some 150 unlocated letters that, in one way or another, we know Melville wrote, and of course he must have written many, many more. Some of those that have been lost might have been of great value to the student of Melville, and many of those that have survived are of not much interest to anyone. However, we do now have, in one scrupulously edited volume, all the recovered letters, and that is good. Melville was not a man who as a rule put much of himself into his correspondence, but for that very reason the letters probably give us an accurate impression of him as he appeared to most of his contemporaries. And there are the letters to Hawthorne, in reading which we know that we are in the presence of the man who wrote "Moby Dick." For once the mask was off, but it was soon to be resumed, and few could have had glimpses behind it. Who would have guessed that the amiable old man of the later letters wrote "Billy Budd"?

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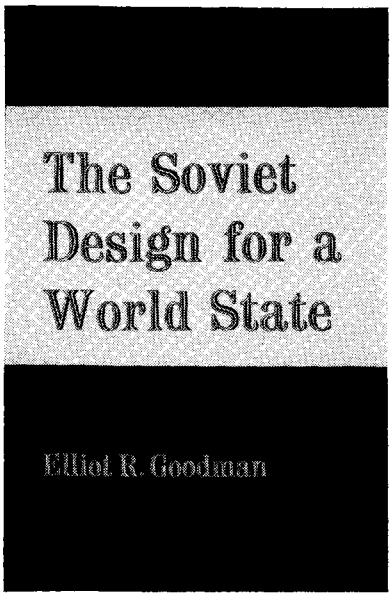
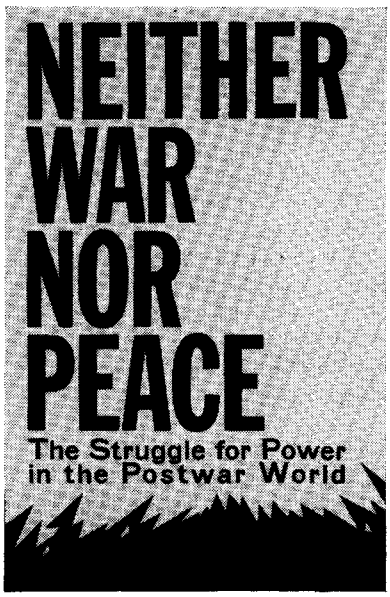
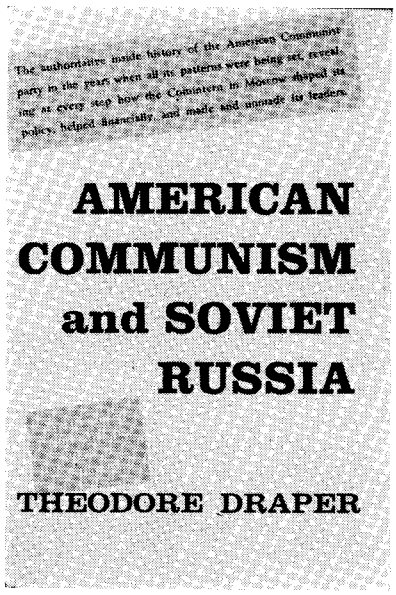
Books in the News







The Earth Their Promised Land?

By Herbert S. Dinerstein, *of the Rand Corporation, who wrote "War and the Soviet Union."*

EVERYONE INTERESTED in international affairs repeatedly poses two questions: does the Soviet Union expect to expand Communist control over more peoples and if so what are the chances of success? Two recently published books provide pertinent information on these momentous questions. In **"The Soviet Design for a World State"** (Columbia University Press, $6.75), Elliot R. Goodman has carefully analyzed the authoritative texts on the progress from "socialism in one country" to "a world Communist state." Hugh Seton-Watson in **"Neither War Nor Peace"** (Praeger, $7.50) has dealt with trends rather than with texts and has sought to isolate and assess the most important elements in the changing balance of world forces. Although Mr. Goodman's book is a doctoral thesis focusing on a single issue and Mr. Seton-Watson has painted on the largest canvas he could find, the two books complement each other. Essentially Mr. Goodman states Soviet aims and Mr. Seton-Watson evaluates their opportunities.

A reader not so well informed about Soviet society as about others may question Mr. Goodman's method. Mr. Goodman has followed the procedure of collecting the relevant Soviet texts on the subject of a Communist world state, placed them in their proper setting, and then determined what Soviet doctrine was on the world state, on the role of war, and on the universal world language. Having established what Soviet leaders say, Mr. Goodman takes them at their word. Some may find this assumption naïve and unsophisticated. It has become a commonplace, after all, that revolutionary religious and political movements modify the extreme formulations of their early stages.

Is it not possible that the Soviet Union as it moves toward an economy which can satisfy consumer needs will become a "satisfied power" and that coexistence will replace militant expansionism? Is it not possible that Communist leaders merely pay lip service to the doctrine of world revolution and that Mr. Goodman is merely flogging a dead horse? Perhaps even worse, the attention that books like this direct toward official Soviet doctrine may make it more difficult for Soviet leaders to retreat quietly from extreme positions.

But ideology is central rather than peripheral in the Soviet scheme of things and Mr. Goodman's book is therefore neither irrelevant nor carping. In the Soviet state dogma is the guide to action and success or failure is judged in its terms. Dogma is not the petrified fossil of a faith almost dead but not yet renounced; dogma is the formal expression of what is fervently believed to be scientific truth. When, on May 11, in the midst of the U-2 incident Khrushchev said, "My conviction is that all roads lead to Communism. Where else can they lead to?," he felt himself to be stating a scientific fact rather than a pious hope. The best argument for the relevance of doctrine to Soviet behavior is that the doctrine undergoes modification as the world situation changes. For example, the Leninist formula of the inevitability of war in the imperialist era has been replaced by the formula that war is not fatalistically inevitable. This alteration reflects the conviction that increased Communist military, economic, and political strength have greatly reduced the danger of the capitalist attack on the Soviet Union which obsessed Soviet leaders for so many years. Once this fear receded, Soviet policies were to be conducted from a position of strength and the appearance of a new formula was required to guide Communist parties all over the world. But on the other hand, if a dogmatic formula continues unchanged, it deserves the attention Mr. Goodman draws to it in a work distinguished by meticulous scholarship and, all too rare in doctoral theses, an easy style.

Mr. Goodman shows that Khrushchev has not departed from the belief that

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there will be a "single world socialist economic system . . . eventually rendering pointless the question of borders," and that Khrushchev believes Communism will triumph in the end, although coexistence will be prolonged. We even learn that Khrushchev has not eschewed the use of force in the transition to Communism. Whether or not force will be used depends on whether or not the reactionary forces resist. In short, Communism still expects to encompass the world, but the process may be easier and less violent than once believed. Mr. Goodman's case is so well made that we have to believe with him, until the Soviet leaders officially renounce their goals, that the Promised Land of the Communist leaders is the whole world.

MR. SETON-WATSON takes as given Mr. Goodman's thesis that the USSR plans to expand the sphere of Communism. Although the former does not reject the possibility that the Soviet Union will abandon its extensive aims, he thinks it unlikely. Especially if unrest and turmoil continue in all but the well-developed and stable parts of the world, the Communists will be confirmed in their faith that the future belongs to them. He centers his attention on the underdeveloped areas of the world in order to determine what the opportunities for Communism might be. Although Mr. Seton-Watson is an opponent of Communism, he succeeds in his conscious effort to be fair-minded. He recognizes the achievements of Communism and especially admires the way in which Communists have enlisted the enthusiasm of the great masses who were inert to that point. But his basic belief, I take it, is that Communism is an unjust system. It is not the only unjust regime in the world, but the chances are better that non-Communist bad regimes will improve than that Communist regimes will ameliorate.

Mr. Seton-Watson analyzes the political future of various parts of the world in terms of the stage of development they have reached or might reach. Roughly he considers Western Europe and the United States as having reached the state of development which assures future political stability. In the countries which are backward and eager to modernize a cluster of similar problems arise. The creation of industry means the creation of a proletariat, the pressure for the improvement of agriculture, and very often the creation of an intelligentsia. These great social changes take place simultaneously and the new classes created in the process are often in violent opposition to each other. Turmoil and unrest are much more common than smooth transition. Superficially this analytical framework seems to be the familiar class interpretation applied to backward societies, but actually it is much different. Seton-Watson does not see a single pattern of development which is common to all backward countries. What is common to all is the problem of modernization, but in each case the basic elements—the land problem, the role of the intelligentsia, the policy of the industrialists, or the relations with other powers—vary.

The British author's first area of specialization, Eastern Europe, endowed him with admirable qualifications for the task he has set for himself. He is very much alive to the differences between the Hungarian land problem and the Serbian, to the very great differences between the Bulgarian intellectual and the Slovenian. Mr. Seton-Watson does not think in terms of Peasants, Workers, or Intelligentsia, but he thinks in terms of the Brazilian land problem, the Algerian intellectual, the South African proponent of apartheid. He searches for and finds broad trends in the world's affairs but he distinguishes more often than he puts into pigeonholes. This makes the book untidy, as Mr. Seton-Watson recognizes, but it makes it credible and fascinating in a way in which a neatly schematic book with clear answers never could be.

Mr. Seton-Watson is moderately optimistic. He believes that the underdeveloped areas can develop with a fair chance of stability, but he is too sophisticated to believe that only Western-style democracy can be considered a successful outcome. While holding up the free and incorrupt democracy as an ideal, he thinks that a comparatively progressive dictatorship is second best and that a bad third is for a given country to be totalitarian but not hostile to the West and, worst of all, is absorption into the enemy camp.

No easy solution for the ills of the world are to be found the pages of "Neither War Nor Peace" for the author is no doctrinaire. He knows that the democracies will have to act more wisely if they are to maintain their position. In this book he has made an admirable contribution to better understanding which is the first step to wisdom.

All Hopes Turned to Moscow

By Daniel Bell, *who is the author of "The End of Ideology."*

FOR MOST individuals, the awareness of Communism as a pervasive social force began in the Thirties, with the Depression and the consequent spread of Fascism. Yet as Theodore Draper points out in his **"American Communism and Soviet Russia"** (Viking, $8.50), the more he studied the decade and a half from 1930 to 1945, the period of Communist efflorescence, the clearer it became that the understanding of the forces controlling the Party — the reasons why the Communist Party could maneuver so easily into and out of the Popular Front in the late Thirties, or why Browder could be deposed so easily as Party leader in 1945—lay in the first decade of the Party history. In those ten years, a ruthless factional war, the intervention by Moscow and the "Bolshevization" of the Party had weeded out all opposition, broken the spirit of those remaining, and had instituted a pattern of control which transformed the Communist Party from a political entity into a disciplined instrument of Russian policy. In a word, it had become Stalinized.

One incident related by Ignazio Silone in "The God That Failed" highlights the meaning of that process. In May, 1927, Silone, as head of the underground Italian Communist Party, went with Palmiro Togliatti, the Party's representative, to Moscow for a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Communist International. Already at that time the agenda and every detail of the sessions was planned in advance by the Senior Convent, or the heads of the important Party delegations. At this preliminary session, Ernst Thaelmann, the leader of the German Communist Party, presided. He began with the reading of a resolution which condemned in violent terms a document that Trotsky had addressed to the Political Bureau of the Russian Communist Party. A Finn, Otto Kuusinen, stated that the language should be made even more denunciatory. Silone asked to see the Trotsky document that was being condemned. "To tell the truth," Thaelmann declared, "we haven't seen the document; neither have the other delegates except the Russians." At this point Stalin intervened and declared that it would be inexpedient to distribute Trotsky's document. Silone replied that he could understand why the Russian Party might want to restrict such a document, but how could the others be asked to condemn an unread statement? His reply provoked an outburst.

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Physician and the President

"Woodrow Wilson: An Intimate Biography," by Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 143 pp. $3.50), is an affectionate recollection of the President's final years, written by his doctor and friend. August Heckscher, who is director of the Twentieth Century Fund, serves as president of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation.*

By August Heckscher

DURING HIS eight years of office and the five years of life that remained to him, no man was so consistently close to Woodrow Wilson as his doctor, Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson. The association came about casually, almost haphazardly, when Admiral Grayson treated the President's sister when she suffered a minor injury on inauguration day. The two men struck up a natural friendship, deepening through the last years of sickness and tragedy. "It was an extraordinary privilege to be so close to the foremost man of his age," says Admiral Grayson simply, at the start of this brief memoir.

Those who turn to these pages for startling revelations will be disappointed. The admiral maintains to the end the reticence bred of his profession. The President's sickness is characterized as arteriosclerosis, but there is no harrowing dwelling upon details. During Wilson's last years, as seen by his doctor, he was able to maintain the supremacy of personality and spirit over afflictions which might well have dimmed the essential man. To the end he was considerate, firm in his faith, and addicted to the small jokes which his friends knew well.

As a doctor, Admiral Grayson insisted upon a simple regimen of diet, exercise, and relaxation. The President played golf out of "a sense of duty," and in other respects he obeyed his physician, though apparently with some disappointment that his remedies were not more striking and conclusive. Wilson had been of frail health through most of his life, and had, before the White House days, been accustomed to treat himself somewhat elaborately to pills. Admiral Grayson removed these from the prescription; as a result of which—in a characteristic phrase — he was dubbed by the President a "therapeutic nihilist"!

Grayson watched his distinguished patient at close range. Before his own marriage he lived much in the White House. He accompanied him on most of his jaunts and travels; he lived with him in Paris, was with him on the Western tour of 1917, and after the President's stroke was in constant attendance. The man he thus came to know was far from the austere figure so often pictured. Wilson had always had a side to his nature that was essentially kindly and cheerful. This aspect of him was often obscured during the private griefs and the public trials of the Presidency. But, as Admiral Grayson testifies, it never wholly forsook him.

Some of the most effective pages in this memoir deal with the small adventures of the Presidential office. Mr. Wilson liked to escape his security guards. Once when he was walking out across the country he was stopped by a man who told him, "You favor the picture of President Wilson." "Yes, I have often been told that," was the reply. Does not the word "favor" in that context give the story a delightful freshness and authenticity?

Again, stopping during a down-river cruise on the Presidential yacht *Mayflower*, Mr. Wilson, accompanied by Admiral Grayson, went alone and apparently unrecognized through the streets of Yorktown. In the Clerk's office there was a certain Mr. Hudgins, who shall henceforth be known to fame. Without giving any hint of awareness, this Mr. Hudgins spoke casually and a little abruptly with his two visitors. He protested later when it was suggested he had not recognized the President.

"The President did not introduce himself or his friend," quoth Mr. Hudgins, "and I did not care to push myself forward by introducing myself." To which Mr. Wilson, on hearing the story, added, "There was a true gentleman."

AT Pass Christian, where the President passed a genuinely happy vacation before the storm clouds of his administration gathered, he was out walking one day with Admiral Grayson when they noticed fire coming out of the roof of a nearby house. They rushed over and knocked on the door.

"Oh, Mr. President," cried the lady who opened the door to him. "It is so good of you to call on me. Won't you please walk into the parlor and sit down."

"I haven't the time to sit down," replied the President, "your house is on fire." And the two rushed through the attic to extinguish the blaze.

The flavor of this memoir is suggested by such stories. But there is much also that is moving and memorable. Admiral Grayson writes as if he had seen everything for the first time and as if each anecdote were new to him. He reveals the sense of humor which must have helped endear him to the lonely President. And he keeps a discretion which Woodrow Wilson would have surely appreciated and which makes his memoir a model of its kind. Would that all who have written since —or who will write—had displayed the same good taste and good sense!

—*The National Archives.*

Cary T. Grayson with Woodrow Wilson.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

The President relaxes in his garden.

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FICTION

A Knapsack of Novels for a Summer Picnic

Team Effort

Irving Wallace

IT HAD to happen. Sooner or later someone was going to write a novel about a team of sex researchers at work, and Irving Wallace is the man who has done it. The chances are good that "**The Chapman Report**" (Simon & Schuster, $4.50), the novel in question, will have more readers than ever pored through the statistics in the various Kinsey volumes. And it won't be too long from now before Darryl F. Zanuck transfers Mr. Wallace's report on the sex habits of the sex researchers into the glories of CinemaScope. It should be quite a movie, if it follows the book, for look what happens:

Dr. Chapman, a sort of neo-Kinsey, brings his team to The Briars, a peaceful, upper-middle-class California community, and questions the younger married women on their sex habits. It isn't long before one of the researchers has gone berserk and raped (and killed) one of the housewives, whose infidelities he had discovered during the course of an interview. Another of the interviewees, a pretty young divorcee, is a nymphomaniac whose cravings, stimulated by her interview, result in a mass rape. It then turns out her former husband is none other than a member of Dr. Chapman's team! It can be said, in his behalf, that he comes to her psychiatric rescue.

This is not all, by any means. For there is the beautiful heroine of the book, Kathleen Ballard, whose problem is frigidity. She achieves her cure through the tender love and ministrations of the third member of Dr. Chapman's band, a chap who is not at all certain that statistics, charts, and graphs, are the whole answer to the sexual problems of our time.

Meanwhile, during the course of the interviews, several other housewives get to mulling over their sex lives and learn the hard way that between sex on the one hand and love on the other it's better to choose the latter. While Mr. Wallace spins his story along at a lively enough clip, the sensational terms in which he has told it casts a gloomy shadow of doubt (in this reviewer's mind, at least) on the sincerity of his moral reflections about sex researching. And though there are several disclaimers throughout the book that Dr. Chapman is not meant to be mistaken for Dr. Kinsey, the parallel is there, and I doubt that anyone is going to be fooled. This novel then, is something more than popular fiction; it amounts to an attack on the methods and motivations of the late Dr. Kinsey, and it implies that such investigations, without proper human and humane safeguards, can lead to traumatic experiences among the interviewed. Whether the attack is hasty, or has some point, it is to be doubted that the novel is the medium for this kind of polemicizing.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Seaway to Boston

Nathaniel Benchley

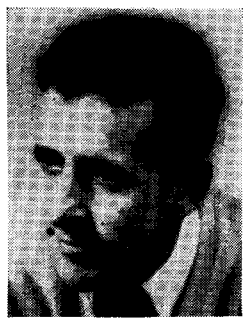
IN CASE you haven't recently run across an unqualified rave in the cold, hard world of book reviewing, this is one. In "**Sail a Crooked Ship**" (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), Nathaniel Benchley has gathered together a handful of the most delightful up-to-date pirates you've ever stumbled across, packed them into a rusty, wheezy merchant ship of the mothball fleet, and sent them scurrying out of New York harbor into the teeth of a hurricane. Only one man among them has the faintest idea how to navigate, and he is an unwilling guest. He is young Peter Bellows, an ex-ninety-day-wonder from the Naval Reserve, who had the misfortune to wander aboard the ghost ship just before the pirates, under the zany leadership of their own Captain Hook, were ready to take off for Boston for a slight bank haul. Trapped with Peter is his hapless fiancée Elinor, the product of an *haute monde* Eastern finishing school, who is equally pained about the whole situation. It is one thing to think up a ridiculous situation like this; it is another to make it totally believable. But that Mr. Benchley does.

The crew, including a nasty platypus of an egghead named George, a chef called Helmut who extols the virtues of the hamburg over the hot dog, a sex-dripping doll named Virginia who knows more about men than any Vassar graduate could ever know, are probably the most snarling, biting, vicious, and downright lovable thugs afloat, and they bounce around in the gale-whipped waves, taking the two Ivy Leaguers in their stride.

This flagrantly contrived potpourri could easily degenerate into vacuous prattle—but it doesn't. The characters, operating on a plane of logic which defies nature, man, and sextants, are uproarious and convincing on a pure comic level rarely found on the modern literary scene. Mr. Benchley writes without pretense or inhibition. The net result is an extravagant, riotous yarn for one purpose alone: enjoyment.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

After the Past, the Present



William Hoffman

WILLIAM HOFFMAN'S third novel is vivid, fast moving, absorbing. Like too many books about the South, "**A Place for My Head**" (Doubleday, $3.95) savors of decadence and lost glory, but, more significantly, it points up the bitterness, the blindness, the stubborn pride, and the fear gripping the modern-day South now in its hour of decision.

The story revolves around Angus McCloud, a diffident thirty-five-year-old bachelor lawyer in the small town of McCloud, Virginia, the seat of King Henry County. Angus, the last of his clan, lives with two loyal "darky" servants on the dilapidated plantation first owned by his great-great-grandfather. His law office is equally shabby, while his practice consists largely of drawing up wills for old ladies as dedicated to the past as he is himself.

To relieve the grimness of this ex-

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istence—for Angus is a sensitive introvert, well aware of the contempt his weakness arouses in others—he drinks so much that his doctor finally sends him off to a sanitarium. Returning, Angus has an almost incredible determination to make something of himself —to stop drinking, to build up a law practice, in short, to become a man instead of a timid old maid. The incentive for all this is his love for a woman, the wife of his onetime best friend.

Angus's boldest step is the undertaking of a Negro schoolteacher's case against one of the county's most influential businessmen. The situation of the novel offers insight into the racial dissension that has closed the public schools this year in Mr. Hoffman's own Prince Edward County, Virginia.

"A Place for My Head" is a story of disillusionment. It is realistic and revealing, vivid and disturbing. But it is not a book for those with faith in mankind. It leaves a piquant taste. But also a sourness that will not soon wash away.

—Lucy Daniels.

Picaresque Poet

Noel Woodin

The cover of Noel Woodin's **"A Fine Frenzy"** (Knopf, paper, $1.65) states that this novel is about "the high-spirited adventures of a young man who lives for girls, poetry, and drink—all together or two at a time." It would be more honest if the statement were to read: "The aimless wanderings of a young man who claims to be a poet, who drinks much like anyone else, and is grateful to any woman who foists herself on him."

But before the reader assumes this to be an attack on Mr. Woodin's maiden venture into the field of the novel, let it be flatly stated that he writes with grace, wit, and freshness. An author who can reduce a poseur to rubble in half a sentence (" . . . all the literary world was a Christian name to him") is not to be ignored.

Regrettably, Mr. Woodin has not yet learned how to turn words into flesh and blood, nor how to build a plot that has point, growth, and direction. His hero, Julian Starke, is a poet who works when the need for money demands. We follow him across the face of England, pausing for an occasional spot of romance or a stint of employment. At the end of the story, he is emotionally where he was at the beginning and neither he—nor we—are any richer for the experience. He has gone everywhere as a character but nowhere as a person. Behind him are a series of people who passed through his life too quickly to make much of an impression on him and who are too vague to make any impression on us.

The over-all feeling about "A Fine Frenzy" is akin to the frustration of having attended a pleasant party where a person of taste told a long story amusingly, but deliberately omitted the punch line.

—Haskel Frankel.

Mama and the Menage

Marjorie Fischer

It is July, 1911, and the large Sherman family have gathered at the family home on Long Island to spend another summer together. Marjorie Fischer's Lippincott Prize novel, **"Mrs. Sherman's Summer"** (Lippincott, $3.95), tells the story of that summer and of the conflicts which rocked the solidarity of the Sherman ménage. Adelaide Sherman, the seventy-one-year-old matriarch, is fiercely proud of her clan, refusing to believe that one Sherman could ever be disloyal to another.

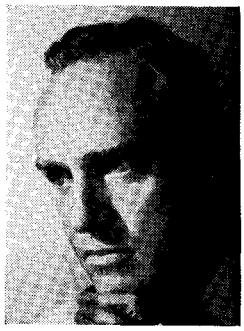
In and out of the rambling house that summer come four sons and four daughters, four grandchildren, and servants. Almost every one of the adult Shermans has a problem in his private life, and Mrs. Sherman does a great deal of poking around in matters that are none of her business. When her son, Larry, who at thirty-five is a complex, sensitive bachelor, torn between a career as a stockbroker in the family firm or as a specialist in Persian miniatures, seems depressed and finally has a heart attack, Mrs. Sherman decides to investigate. It is Joe, the elder brother who manages the family seat on the stock exchange, who is the underlying cause of Larry's difficulties. When Mrs. Sherman realizes that he has been disloyal to the family and has unmercifully and systematically harassed Larry, she makes the most difficult decision of her life. She reveals a family secret about him that results in his leaving the house.

One wonders why Mrs. Fischer felt it necessary to create so many Shermans with so many problems. Several of the characters are particularly appealing, but so much is happening to so many that the narrative is crowded.

Yet Marjorie Fischer is a writer with talent. She recalls the year 1911 with all the tenderness of a cherished tintype. And, best of all, she has created the proud, warmhearted, perceptive character of Adelaide Sherman.

—Mary Sullivan Simons.

Debacle in Wyoming



Michael Straight

One of the misfortunes of the historical novelist of the West is that most readers and reviewers tend to confuse the serious novel with the mythical tales of the gunfighter that frequent television. The number of fine novels lost in the swarm of Westerns is probably greater than most bookmen would be willing to admit.

While not a great novel, it will be regrettable if **"Carrington"** (Knopf, $4.50) is so abused. The author, Michael Straight, has seriously tried to understand and explain the Fetterman Massacre, which resulted in the futile and foolish deaths of eighty-three men near Story, Wyoming, in 1866. He has tried to interpret the hatred for the Indians as well as the confused sense of honor which necessitated Fetterman's attack upon a vastly superior force of Sioux.

The fault, as Mr. Straight sees it, lay not only with Lt. Col. William Fetterman who believed he had to maintain his reputation as a fighter but equally with his superior, Colonel Carrington. Some officers tend to be confused, but it was Carrington's misfortune that he tended to confuse those about him. He blamed his failures as a commander upon the inability of his men to appreciate his fine education, envisioning himself a latter-day Xenophon marching across the frontier. Incapable of being understood, he created only chaos among both his officers and men.

In this first novel the author presents the evidence as he found it in his research. He makes few judgments. Frequently, he has overwritten. Too many characters do not relate to one another or to the story itself. Too many names were revealed by his research and he felt committed to account for them. In a prefatory note, Mr. Straight quotes Joseph Conrad's "fiction is nearer truth," but in failing to clear away the underbrush of fact from his story, he sometimes fails as a novelist.

—Irwin Blacker.

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A Candle for the Jungle's Dark

"The Night They Burned the Mountain," by Thomas A. Dooley *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 192 pp. $3.95), describes the American doctor's most recent activities in the jungles of Laos. Ferdinand Kuhn is a free-lance writer who has traveled widely in Southeast Asia.*

By Ferdinand Kuhn

OF ALL the Americans who helped bring refugees from North Vietnam to freedom, the most famous was a young doctor named Thomas A. Dooley. He became a living legend for his work with the Vietnamese. Later, as everyone knows, he set up a hospital in northwestern Laos.

Now, in his third book, Dr. Dooley tells of his newest clinic in the Laos jungle. Its site is the valley of Muong Sing, only a few minutes' flight but a whole day's climb over the mountains from his former hospital at Nam Tha. Six miles beyond his house, in almost impenetrable forest, lies the border of Communist China.

To all who admire Dr. Dooley—and they must number in millions—this little book has the intimacy and immediacy of a letter home. Its episodes are few. The doctor and two Texan assistants, with the help of Laotians they have trained, build a small house and clinic in the wilds. They unload thirty-two tons of medicines; they sew up children who have been clawed by tigers or mauled by bears; they stuff vitamins and proteins into wasted bodies.

One hot night in May, just before the monsoon rains, they see the encircling jungle burst into flame. It is the tribesmen's annual custom, a wasteful and dangerous one, to set fire to the woods. On the blackened soil, fertilized by ashes, soon to be eroded away, they will plant their rice when the downpours come. Dr. Dooley uses this burning as his title, for he sees it as a symbol of regeneration.

All surgery is dramatic, and the doctor's writing makes the most of it. But dramatic beyond all his other stories is his account of the discovery of his own cancer, his operation in New York, and his decision to go back to Laos for the rest of his life. It is easy to like this man and to applaud him.

Dr. Dooley is sound in so many of his ideas. He insists that his villagers pay something for medical care: several chickens for an operation, one for a delivery, a few eggs for pills. "Easy and condescending charity," he thinks, "robs people, and perhaps nations, of their self-respect." But is there not one basic error in his approach to the villagers' needs? To judge from his book, Dr. Dooley has little interest in the prevention of disease; he has dedicated himself to curative medicine. Why? He explains in a credo that reveals his strength and his failings:

> This kind of medicine is my salvation, my hold on life. It is my means of expression . . . I must treat patients with my own hands, reach out and give personal help every day.

It is, then, a personal passion that drives him off a hospital bed and back into the Asian jungle. It is magnificent—but does it get him to the root of the problem? The greater need is for doctors with an impersonal passion for preventive medicine. The harder task is to attack the causes of misery among the villagers: to spray against malaria, to inoculate against cholera, to banish the dirt that spreads trachoma, to teach simple hygiene and nutrition so that future babies will not wither and die.

But Dr. Dooley is sure that his way, the healing way, is right. He finds fulfillment in mending broken bodies in one village; for, he writes, "if the darkness is black enough, a small candle can give a brilliant light." Some day Dr. Dooley's church will canonize him, for he is the stuff from which saints are made.

For the Homeless, a Haven

"The Open Heart," by Victor Houart *(Taplinger. 202 pp. $3.95), portrays the life of Father Georges Pire, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for his work in resettling refugees. Morris L. West wrote about Don Mario Borelli, the "Urchin Priest" of Naples, in his book "Children of the Shadows."*

By Morris L. West

TO SEE misery in the mass is a traumatic experience. The economics of poverty defy the economists. The fanaticism of disillusion creates monstrous and destructive philosophies. The inertia of despair is a disease beyond the reach of the scalpel. Once one has experienced them, one is never the same man again. One either retreats into a fugue of terror, breaks out into bitter iconoclasm or, more rarely, one achieves a compassion—a talent for understanding and feeling with the suffering of one's fellows.

There were moments in the slums of Naples when I felt more sympathy with Communism than I did with my own faith. There were times in Austria when I came away from a refugee camp hating my writer's trade for its glibness and unreality. I have had nightmares over the buying of a railroad ticket because I could go away while others—women like my wife, children like my children—must stay, waiting for trains that would never come, for a hope that would never dawn.

Yet later I came to see that there was a hope—many small hopes building to a great one. And the hope was always personified in a man. He was generally a simple man. He never saw poverty—only the poor. He never saw misery—only the miserable. He never surrendered to the crushing generality of depression but addressed himself to the particular: how to feed one of the hungry, how to house one homeless family, how to find work for one of the workless.

One such man is the subject of a new book, "The Open Heart," by Victor Houart. His name is Father Georges Pire. A Dominican priest, in 1958 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for his work in resettling hundreds of hard-core refugees in villages which he built throughout Europe. The movement which he founded, "The Europe of the Heart," is a shining exemplar of what can be done when one man puts his hand to the lonely plough.

In 1949 there were still 300,000 stateless people in D.P. camps and colonies throughout Europe. Many coun-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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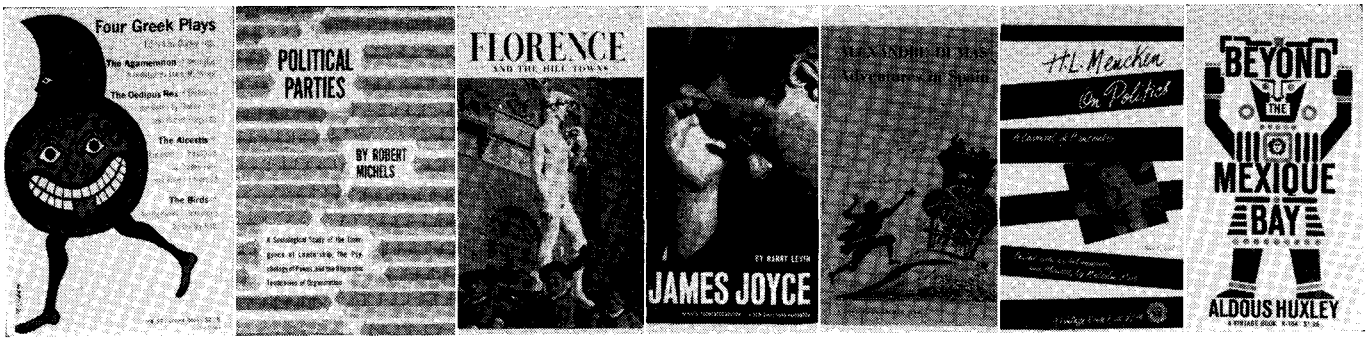

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

POSTSCRIPT TO CARYL CHESSMAN: When Gold Medal Books accepted the manuscript of Caryl Chessman's first novel, "The Kid Was a Killer," a new execution date had already been set. In a macabre race against time, Gold Medal was able to send galleys of the book to Chessman in San Quentin. Two weeks before his scheduled execution, Chessman wrote Gold Medal editor Knox Burger, "More than four years ago I wrote 'the Kid' against the clock, between dates with death, fully expecting that it would be published posthumously. I had no idea then that nearly five years would pass before it would be published and that publication would coincide with my ninth—and probably final—date with the executioner. However, on reading the galleys, this long intervening nightmare of existence strongly reaffirms my belief in the validity of what I hoped to make the reader feel keenly, both in his viscera and mind: that the answer to violence is not violence, nor to hate, counterhate and vengeance." This time Chessman was right in his prediction. His novel was published less than a month after his May 2 execution.

IT WAS DISCLOSED recently that Eugene O'Donnell, the author of the novel "The Night Cometh," a bitter account of apartheid in South Africa, is the *nom de plume* of the Reverend Laurence J. McCauley, a Roman Catholic priest. Father McCauley was born in South Africa and later studied philosophy and creative writing in the United States. Interviewed in Capetown by a *New York Times* correspondent, Father McCauley expressed a grim view of African affairs. "The white man will be swamped. I used to think it would happen in fifty years. Now I think only ten. . . . We've missed the bus. I predict the situation will worsen. The police have now blocked every avenue to contact between the races." His book, which will be published as a Berkley-Medallion 50¢ paperback this month, has not yet appeared in South Africa. Despite his pseudonym, Father McCauley's critical attitude toward the government is well known. As for his own fate, he shrugs, "My friends say they're sure I'll be put in prison, but I'm not very worried."

BOOK PUBLISHERS, at least, don't seem to be paying too much attention to the post-U-2 freeze in the Cold War. More paperbacks than ever are appearing about the USSR. Praeger, who is issuing a new Russian language series in paperback, estimates that about half a million Americans are studying Russian, either in colleges, adult education courses, or by watching the TV home study programs. Among the first five titles for September are Barbara Ward's "Five Ideas That Changed the World," Tibor Meray's "Thirteen Days That Shook the Kremlin," and Milovan Djilas's "The New Class." . . . Meanwhile, the Vintage Russian Library, in English, by the way, has gotten off to a fine start with such varied selections as Leonid Leonov's 1927 novel, "The Thief," Isaac Deutscher's biography of Stalin, and an original collection of essays, "The Kremlin in World Politics," which Philip Moseley has edited . . . New American Library's edition of "The Wayward Comrade" is the only book available in America by Yurii Olesha, the Soviet writer who died on May 21. Olesha, who wrote these stories in 1927, was then out of favor with the government, but by the time of his death, he was once again back in step with the Soviets. . . . Last month we noted that Princeton University Press was publishing a series of aeronautical paperbacks from their own twelve-volume Jet series. Now we learn that Princeton's editors have been deluged by requests from *SR* readers for the entire series. They hasten to inform us that their paperbacks include chapters from *some* of the original volumes. No plans yet for the whole set in paperback. —R.W.S.

LITERARY LIVES

Among the many excellent literary biographies available in paperback are those of the Evergreen Profile series, which includes Jean Jacques Mayoux's **"Melville"** ($1.35). This little book, enlivened by ample illustrations, follows Melville's path from his adventurous youth when he shipped out on a whaler bound for the South Seas to the more tranquil years as a New York customs inspector.

Ernest Simmons's **"Leo Tolstoy"** (Vintage Russian Library, 2 vols., $1.45 each) rests at the other extreme of biographical writing. Whereas M. Mayoux's study is a tidy survey of the writer's life, Mr. Simmons has written a massive study which follows Tolstoy along his spiritual and philosophical quest through nineteenth-century Russia. Volume one portrays Tolstoy the young man, the eager writer, the husband and father, in the years 1828-1879, while the second book deals with the years of maturity from 1880 to Tolstoy's death in 1910. Purists might object that the author speculates and imagines too much, yet just about everyone will find this book a solid yet nonetheless readable account of an extraordinary life.

In his introduction to **"James Joyce"** (New Directions, $1.45), Harry Levin recalls the days when copies of Joyce had to be smuggled into this country. Now, two decades later, he is taught in almost every U.S. college. This is essentially the same 1941 edition, the same admiring explanation of Joyce's books from "Dubliners" to "Finnegans Wake," against the background of his life, his struggles with ill health and debts. In a new chapter, "Revisiting Joyce," Mr. Levin calls attention to the masses of recent Joyce scholarship and newly discovered Joyce works.

Another book by a literary man, one who was himself not a writer, is **"Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins"** (Universal, $1.45). Per-

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kins, who died in 1947 after almost forty years with Scribners, knew just about every distinguished American writer of his time. "I'm a Yankee," he once wrote, "and cannot speak what I feel most strongly, well." Yet his letters —to Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, among countless others —are abundant in praise, encouragement, and when needed, stern advice.

POLITICS

As the summer draws near, the political tempo is picking up within the book world. Anyone who wants to bone up on convention proceedings can examine **"The Politics of National Party Conventions"** ($1.95), written by Paul T. David, Ralph M. Goldman, and Richard C. Bain of the Brookings Institution, who published this as well as the original edition earlier this year. The history of the convention system, its changes and developments, and the selection of candidates are all dealt with fully in the first half of the book. The second section is a complete guide to the conventions, the tactics, the delegates, and the nominating process in general.

So far as the candidates go, both Richard Nixon and John F. Kennedy are subjects of biographies. **"Richard Nixon"** (Avon, 35¢), by Earl Mazo, was reviewed in *SR* on its hardcover publication with the following comments: "It is neither idolatrous, nor is it a 'hatchet' job. What Mr. Mazo has put together is basically a reporter's report: a collection of facts—the good with the bad . . ." **"The Remarkable Kennedys"** (Dial, $1.95), by Joe McCarthy, according to *SR*'s reviewer, stresses "courage and fight" as its central theme, while regarding the candidate within the bosom of his large family.

John A. Wells, former president of the Young Republicans Club of New York, has written **"The Voter's Presidential Handbook"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $1.45). It includes summaries of the careers and qualifications of nine possible candidates. One section instructs the citizen on "how to be active and effective in politics," while the final chapter is a short history of past conventions with a scorecard for this summer's activities.

The joker in the political deck is H. L. Mencken. A new selection from his essays, **"On Politics"** (Vintage, $1.45), edited by Malcolm Moos, is subtitled "A Carnival of Buncombe." Mencken is almost always invigorating, often penetrating, magnificently irrepressible, and frequently wrong (he predicted a smashing victory for Hoover in 1932).

THEATRE

Wallace Fowlie's **"Dionysus in Paris"** (Meridian, $1.45) is a fascinating account of French theatre in this century with particular emphasis upon plays and playwrights of recent years. He discusses first those directors whose work has most influenced French drama—Barrault, Jouvet, Vilar—then proceeds to talk fluently about Sartre, Camus, Giraudoux, Cocteau. This excellent handbook to the modern stage is nowhere more interesting than in its thoughtful appraisal of experimental theatre and such exponents as Beckett, Genet, Ionesco.

Many of the dramatists discussed in Fowlie's book are represented in new paperbacks. Both **"The Waltz of the Toreadors"** and **"The Fighting Cock"** ($1.50) are included in Coward-McCann's Contemporary Drama series. Genet's **"The Blacks: A Clown Show"** (Evergreen, $1.75) is an experimental play with a Pirandello-like meandering between illusion and reality. Presented in Paris last October, this is the first English edition. New York's off-Broadway audiences will be familiar with Samuel Beckett's **"Krapp's Last Tape"** (Evergreen, $1.95), a brief, anguished portrayal of an old man who plays back the tape he recorded while still in his prime. The volume includes as well two radio plays and two pantomimes by the Irish-French dramatist who once was James Joyce's secretary.

FARAWAY PLACES

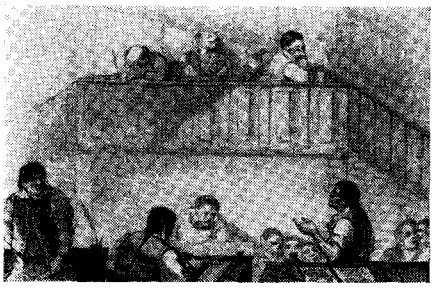
Everything that a travel book should be, Aldous Huxley's **"Beyond the Mexique Bay"** (Vintage, $1.25) is. Originally published in 1934, it stands the test of time. That's not hard since Huxley in roaming through Central America from Mexico City to Honduras is observing civilizations that change slowly, buildings that remain, customs that endure. This is not a guidebook anyway, but a travel book and that's something else after all. Along with his interest in the people he is visiting, Huxley with pleasurable ease calls upon a vast knowledge of history, anthropology, art, and literature.

Irving R. Levine's **"Main Street, USSR"** (Signet, 50¢) is an amusing, informative little book that covers briefly but always pointedly the main structures of Russian society from politics, education, hospitals, and economics to television, theatre, shopping, and transportation. It's a lively book and ought to prove useful on a trip to Russia.

When Alexandre Dumas visited Spain in 1846 to attend the Infanta's wedding, he was accompanied by his young son and two friends, one a painter, the other a schoolmaster. In **"Adventures in Spain"** (Anchor, 95¢), written in the form of letters to an unknown woman, he describes their travels with all the gusto and savor that one might expect from the author of "The Three Musketeers."

Portrait of the author

Evening at a Boardinghouse



The Solemnity of Justice

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE, a middle-aged English gentlewoman, came to the U.S. in 1827 to found a fashionable store. She brought with her three of her children, a French painter named Auguste Hervieu, abundant hopes, and very little cash. Three years later, after the failure of her enterprises, she returned home, disillusioned by the New World. But her book of satiric observations, **"Domestic Manners of the Americans"** (Vintage, $1.65), illustrated by Hervieu, at last made its author's fortune.

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The Long Road Back

A MOUNTAIN-SIZED assortment of hopes and plans about peace has been knocked down and sent sprawling all over the historical landscape by what happened at Paris. But amidst the wreckage and debris some first principles are still standing. Whatever chance we may have of rebuilding an effective foreign policy depends on our ability to recognize these first principles and put them to work.

One of these principles is that the peace of the world cannot be made by any two or three nations, however powerful. It would be jim-dandy if the United States and the Soviet Union could have the kind of understanding that would dissolve all differences and tensions. But this is not likely to happen. And even if it did, it couldn't produce a genuine and lasting peace. Genuine peace, if and when it comes, will flow out of an orchestration of voices in which all peoples can be heard. Whatever the United States and the Soviet Union say or don't say to one another is not as important right now as what is said in and by the United Nations. Also, by the kind of commitment the nations are willing to make to the principles of world organization.

It is natural, perhaps, that we should have allowed ourselves to be preoccupied by action, reaction, or response from the Soviet Union. Power attracts power; power is sensitive to power; power speaks to power. And when the other power has so much dynamism, volatility, and uncertainty built into it, the effect is almost hypnotic. But the effectiveness of our foreign policy is likely to be measured less by a confrontation of opposing power than by the kind of statement we are prepared to make to the world community. The same, of course, holds true for the Soviet Union. If what we say makes sense to enough peoples; if it has enough lift and carrying power to excite a real response; if it reflects not just a projection of our own needs and interests but a genuine attempt to see the world whole—then we will have restored some motion and possibly even thrust to our position.

This doesn't mean we have to bypass the Soviet Union. What it does mean is that the tête-à-tête or vis-à-vis system must give way to the total audience approach. The Soviet Union is included in that audience, of course, but it doesn't occupy the entire hall.

Here we come to another equally important first principle.

REAL peace is built with obligations and commitments and not with favors, moods, or variable winds. It's not what we think is just and necessary, or what the Russians think is just and necessary, that will lead to peace, but what world law says is just and necessary. A world court cannot function if either or both parties to a dispute have to consent even to the consideration of the case. Any system of law that depends on the willingness of offenders or contending parties to accept a verdict or even the fact of jurisdiction is not law but arbitration or mediation.

At some point, the United States and the Soviet Union are going to have to accept the fact that a world organization will be able to tell them what to do and have the means to back up its decision. This means, without question, that the world organization will require superior power. It means that this superior power could be dangerous *unless* it is tied to a genuine apparatus of justice. Justice depends on law; law depends on a legislative body. A legislative body depends on the consent of the governed if it is to be any good.

This is the price of a durable peace. It is also the price of freedom. Freedom cannot continue indefinitely in a world without law. Anarchy exacts a toll on freedom no less than it does on peace. We could lose our freedom through an advance of totalitarianism in the world; but a world without restraint represents a congenial habitat for totalitarianism. Therefore, the cause of peace and the cause of freedom are allied and must look to the same structure for protection against the elemental threats.

WE may not be able to obtain universal assent to these basic principles, but even in defining them and in advancing them we are helping to create a sense of common direction and an awareness of a vital goal. For if enough peoples respond, a new momentum will be generated in the world. And if the momentum has behind it a real sense of moral surge, then it will have something to say in places where governments may resist. High-flying ideas cannot be shot down. The unifying ideas have a way of getting through. Far better to have a resisting government oppose the idea of world law before its own people than to proclaim its sovereignty in the international arena.

There is yet another first principle; it has meant much in our own history. This is the principle that not men but laws are supreme in any sane society. Men have a way of losing their balance. When this happens to a good man, the effect can be disquieting. When it happens to a bad one, the effect can be horrendous. In either case, the peace should be above temper tantrums and bristling egos.

These first principles may be more difficult to put to work today than they were only a short time ago. Even so, this is all that there is to work with. No one knows whether they can gain recognition by enough peoples soon enough to save the peace. Whatever the chances, and whatever the difficulty, this is the nature of the long road to peace.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AID FOR AFRICA

IT WAS GRATIFYING to see the excellent article by Arthur Keppel-Jones on the tragic South African situation [*SR*, May 14] and also the response in the letters to the editor. It may be of further interest to readers to know that there are a few positive things that can be—and are being —done in relation to this "insoluble" problem.

The South Africa Emergency Campaign, initiated by the American Committee on Africa in cooperation with church, labor, and civic groups, has been organized for action here which can both directly and indirectly affect the problem. Money is being raised for legal defense of some 2,000 South Africans of all races who are now imprisoned because of their opposition to *apartheid*, and to help care for their dependents, many of whom have been left literally destitute.

The campaign is also trying to mobilize American public opinion, an essential part of bringing about pressure from the outside world—which such South Africans as Alan Paton have stated is possibly the only way, supplementing the pressures from within, that the blind policies of the Nationalist Government might change.

ANN MORRISSETT,
Africa Defense and Aid Fund,
American Committee on Africa.
New York, N.Y.

"I suppose I could learn to carry a man, but it all seems so futile."

CHAIN OF COMMAND

THEODORE H. WHITE'S column on "The Degeneration of Command" [*SR*, May 28] is an excellent analysis of our present-day world. The conclusion is inescapable that someday someone will have twenty minutes to decide whether or not to end civilization. Mr. White is concerned that the man chosen by the people, namely the President of the United States, should make this decision and not some insignificant military officer. The magnitude of the question requires that it be answered by a person who represents a majority of the people.

At any rate, regardless of who will eventually have to make such a decision, man has certainly reached an impasse in which he seems incapable of rising to the situation. The question is no longer "Can we coexist peacefully?" but "Will we pass out of the picture by design or by accident?"

If we are twenty minutes from destruction, it seems that we should not be concerned only with the "Degeneration of Command" but also with the "Degeneration of Man."

BENTON M. STIDD.
Vincennes, Ind.

SR'S DECISION to add the feature PERSPECTIVE/1960, by Theodore H. White, was a happy one. His efforts have been consistently informative and I'd like to express my gratitude. His discussion of "The Degeneration of Command," while sobering and almost blood-curdling, was superb and so necessary!

AUSTIN HARPER RICHARDSON, Pastor,
Wesley Memorial Methodist Church.
Yakima, Wash.

IS OMNISTRAIN NECESSARY?

NICHOLAS SAMSTAG'S "Surcease for Caesars" [*SR*, May 21] is wonderful. With the amusing subtitle, "How Not to Want to Do Better," it leads into a kind of sophisticated "how to" approach to life which seems to me particularly well timed. Or it may be that I resent not being able to go out into the back yard to identify a bobolink because I must rush back to the office, where I seem to live most of the time.

BERNARD D. PERRY.
Bloomington, Ind.

NICHOLAS SAMSTAG'S "Surcease for Caesars" is disturbing. A more illogical, inconsequential, and confusing treatment of a premise so vastly urgent can hardly be imagined. Apparently, fearing that he himself was about to fall into the clutches of "omnistrain," Mr. Samstag, rather than reauditing his own ambitions, seems to have abandoned them altogether, preferring mediocrity and pursuit of relaxation. . . . True enough, when a rabbit experiences fright or terror he soon forgets it and goes back to nibbling in peace. I was under the impression that it is man's ability to remember his experiences and derive benefit from his knowledge that distinguishes his world from that of the rabbit. If Mr. Samstag's purpose in life is to experience the serenity of a rabbit, I would wish him much success in his endeavor. For the preservation of our Western civilization, however, I hope that there are not many who will be tempted to emulate him. . . .

SUSANNE GIBIAN.
Louisville, Ky.

AT FIRST READING I thought Mr. Samstag had the answers for me. All I had to do was lop off some of my activities.

For a man this may be easier than for a woman. I listed the career-like activities which I am now trying to pursue and which, according to Mr. Samstag, have brought me to this present state of omnistrain. The list looks something like this: housekeeper (cook, seamstress, etc.); wife; mother of three; minister's wife (full-time public relations job!); writer; painter; student (i.e. reader, sometimes for just pure pleasure, but sometimes with strain because there's so much I need to learn!).

The role of mother, housekeeper, wife, and minister's aide are perforce chosen for me. Can any woman really accomplish more than those first four careers without omnistrain? And won't the resentment at having to omit the careers one dearly longs for cause even worse strain?

EDYTHE F. BELL.
La Crosse, Wis.

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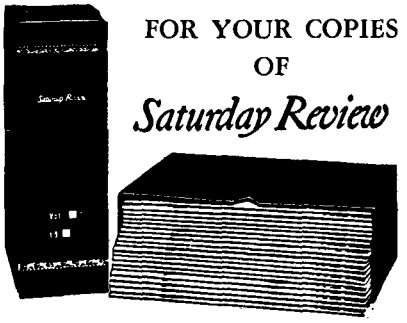

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Managerial Revolution

DURING THE past three months, thousands of New York moviegoers have become acquainted with a new kind of movie theatre, a new concept in presenting motion pictures. It isn't exactly an art house, although many of the films that it has programmed were first shown in bona fide art theatres. Nor is it, strictly speaking, a revival house, although to date only one picture shown there has been a first run—and that a featurette. According to young Daniel Talbot, the manager of the new New Yorker, what makes his theatre unique is that "it has a policy of no policy. I'll play new films, old films, foreign films, American films —whatever I think merits being shown." What actually makes it unique, from my point of view (and I have been taking busman's holidays at the New Yorker ever since it opened), is the fact that it is operated by a man who knows enough and cares enough about the movies to put together genuinely exciting programs—even if it means fighting the industry itself in order to get them. Talbot has initiated a profitable policy that other theatre owners around the country might well wish to emulate.

A few months ago a friend of his, Henry Rosenberg, acquired a moribund neighborhood house on New York's upper West Side with the intention of converting it into a theatre for Spanish-language films. Studying the area, however, Talbot concluded that it had become in fact an extension of the Village. During the past few years, he pointed out, young marrieds in the arts and the professions had been moving into the old apartment houses and brownstones on the West Side in ever-increasing numbers. It was the only part of New York where large, roomy flats could still be found at relatively low rentals. Talbot persuaded his friend to put the theatre on an experimental basis—with himself as manager. And the experiment? Simply running the best films of all time on a carefully, intelligently balanced program.

Three months later, it seems safe to say that the experiment has proved a success. Audiences have been flocking to the New Yorker—not only from the neighborhood but, as a guest book in the lobby reveals, from all five boroughs and such outlying places as New Jersey and Connecticut. They have been attracted by programs like "Henry V" and "The Red Balloon," "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "All About Eve," "Modern Times" and a pair of W. C. Fields shorts (with a TV commercial of Isaac Stern rehearsing a segment of the "Kreutzer" Sonata thrown in for good measure). "Pull My Daisy," Jack Kerouac's beatnik short, is the New Yorker's only "first" up to now (accompanying a revival of Orson Welles's "The Magnificent Ambersons"), but it pulled well enough for Talbot to reschedule it in the fall.

But if the audiences are happy, Talbot is not. He knows the films he would like to play—a Preston Sturges series, "Zero de Conduite," Satyajit Ray's new "World of Apu." Some are his own choices; many more have been listed by his audiences in the guest book. ("I'm constantly amazed at the taste, perception, and intelligence of the comments in that guest book," he said recently.) The disappointments begin when he starts hunting down the pictures. Some, like "Zero de Conduite" and the "Marius" trilogy, have simply disappeared—no prints, no negatives, no rights. As for the new pictures, their distributors are understandably chary of booking what represents an investment of many thousands of dollars into an untried location; they would rather wait until a spot opens up in one of the midtown theatres.

But what infuriates Talbot beyond endurance is the crass, callous, short-sighted commercialism of the major companies, or of the TV people, like MCA, who have bought the rights to old movies. "I tell them that I would like to rent a picture, pay them for it, even pay to have prints made—and they look at me as if I'm some kind of nut. It's just too much trouble. It's not a million-dollar deal. They've said that to me in so many words. To them, movies are merchandise—not art, not even entertainment. It's this attitude that we have to fight against, and change." He is convinced that this change is coming.

One of the trade magazines used to run a feature, "What the Movies Did for Me." Daniel Talbot, in his bold, experimental management of the New Yorker Theater, is writing a new chapter, "What an Intelligent Manager Can Do for the Movies." It is a chapter that deserves reprinting (or, to skip the metaphor, serious consideration) by exhibition in every community that professes to care about good films.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Song-Dance Tricksters

AT LONG LAST New Yorkers can see the world-famous Grand Kabuki Theatre, imported from Japan by the City Center. (The ideographs on the cover can be translated as "song," "dance," and "trick.") The performances are unique, and thanks to Donald Richie's gentle commentaries, supplied to the audience via transistor radios, we are able to comprehend not only the dialogue and stories, but also some of the fascinating traditions that have evolved in continuity over a 275-year period.

Like the English Christmas pantomimes, Kabuki is filled with popular devices which are awaited with delight by a public that knows the stories and expects the repetition of familiar performances. And the method of the fairy tale seems to guide the whole business.

At the beginning of the first playlet, "The Subscription List," our anticipation is artificially stimulated by the accelerating sound of clapping sticks that accompanies the pulling aside of the curtain. Then, in a formal, decorative set, we find a chorus of symmetrically arranged singers and samisen players seated in austere readiness to carry us into a mysterious feudal world. After meeting Togashi, the formidable frontier officer whose colorful costume is so full-flowing that he requires attendants to rearrange it after any vigorous action, we hear from the chorus about an approaching group of monks, whose company includes the fleeing prince, Yoshitsune, disguised as a lowly porter, and his servant Benkei, disguised as a monk. And a moment later this group enters on a runway which extends from one side of the auditorium through the audience to the stage. Their costumes include exaggerated balloon-like pants that are as impractical for traveling as they are theatrically colorful.

The action that follows is a duel of wits and bravado between Benkei and Togashi. But, as in a fairy tale, there is no attempt to make it really happen. Rather, it moves from point to point, with each action presented for the pleasure of the big reaction. While some of these reactions involve symbolic gestures decipherable only to the aficionado, most are simple, such as the movement of the eyebrows up and down in rage, or the placing of the hand over the eyes in weeping.

A peak moment in "The Subscription List" comes when Benkei responds to Togashi's challenge that he produce the list all alms-seeking monks are supposed to carry. As Benkei, who has only a blank scroll, pretends to read, Togashi sneaks a look at the scroll, and Benkei furiously shifts it away from his view. This pose is held for a few seconds, while the audience relishes the irony of the situation. Benkei has given himself away, but has done so with such courage that Togashi must pretend to believe him. And here (as in some of Brecht's productions) the actor who plays Togashi shows us first a look of outward pretense and then one of private sorrow that he has forced his brave opponent into such agony.

BUT most effective with the City Center audience is the sequence in which Benkei and Togashi stand up to each other in a formal set of foot-stamping movements. And very successful too is the comic scene in which Benkei gets drunk. His drunkenness is represented simply by interludes of head-shaking as he drinks from an exaggeratedly large container.

The final exit of Benkei along the runway is a remarkable acrobatic feat in which the actor Onoe Shoroku II seems to blow up from the conflicting emotions inside him. While the newcomer to Kabuki may find it difficult to be as moved by the symbolism of his action as he should be, it is admirably performed and one can begin to glimpse the possibilities of a theatrical art that permits such symbolic complexity.

The second playlet, "The Miracle at Tsubosaka Temple," is simpler and closer to naturalism. It starts with a domestic scene between a blind man, Sawaichi, and his wife, Osato, in which he accuses her of infidelity, whereas she has actually been praying for the restoration of his sight. While a *gidayu* singer with a Bert Lahr vibrato sings the dialogue, Osato pantomimes her grief at the false accusation. The deep beating of a drum presages death as the scene shifts to a mountaintop temple where the couple journeys to pray. After Osato is sent away, we see Sawaichi remove the outer kimono from one shoulder—the sign that he has resolved to undertake a difficult act. Then he jumps off the mountain to his death. When Osato returns, her courageous decision to die beside her husband is reinforced by a loud clap on the stage floor. In the final scene, a goddess appears behind a gauze-covered opening and restores life to the dead couple. And the newly seeing Sawaichi gets a big laugh when, not believing that his wife could be so beautiful, he formally introduces himself to her.

The last play on this first of three programs, "The Courtesan," opens dramatically when, from a darkened auditorium, a bright cherry-blossomed setting suddenly explodes in our eyes. We meet the pock-marked country gentleman Jirozaemon, played by Nakamura Kanzaburo XVII and a moment later the courtesan, Yatsuhashi, played by Nakamura Utaemon VI (all female roles are played by males), as she parades across the stage on elevated blocks called *geta*. Jirozaemon falls in love at first sight, which he indicates by shaking his head in stupefied passion. Utaemon, who is reported to have pushed his traditional characterizations in the direction of more psychological motivation, responds to Jirozaemon's attention with a wickedly seductive smile and inflates with self-satisfaction before making a sensuous exit in which Yatsuhashi's legs move like those of a skater in slow motion. This interpretation makes her ensuing fate seem more deserved than it otherwise might, for Yatsuhashi becomes the victim of having to choose between her lover and the wealthy Jirozaemon, whom she has encouraged to ransom her. Then we see Jirozaemon avenge the indignity she has brought him. In the stirring murder scene, Jirozaemon puts his foot on the terrified Yatsuhashi's kimono to hold her while he reviles her. And after he has run her through with his sword (performed symbolically with a gesture in her direction), she does a slow and beautiful backward fall. Now Kanzaburo amazes all those who know that this old play is supposed to end with Jirozaemon's being pursued and killed; instead, he begins to commit hara-kiri at the final curtain. This is a new ending improvised for this tour.

SUCH an improvisation emphasizes a fact disconcerting to those who would believe that Kabuki is sacrosanct art and ritual. It is *popular entertainment*, and it freely uses those devices that will make it understood by an audience. It borrows from the past simply because what it borrows has proven itself effective. Since it has been playing to audiences with a different background and a different philosophy from ours, it is not to be expected that it can completely duplicate that effectiveness here. But the present tour successfully demonstrates Kabuki's superb theatricality and an excitingly full use of stage resources.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

The Goggle-Box

LONDON.

A BRITISH family I visited recently in Dover, on the English Channel, call their television set "the goggle-box." Although vague, the phrase nevertheless accurately suggests the keenness of Britain's appetite for TV. A BBC study reports that in winter, at peak hours, with 70 per cent of the population in TV homes, "not far short of half the adult population are watching television." With only two channels to feed it—the noncommercial BBC and the commercial ITV (Independent Television)—the appetite is unsated. In Britain, now that ITV is nearly five years old, people everywhere are talking about getting a third television service; they are even toying with PAYV. The year of decision will probably be 1964, when the present Independent Television Act expires. (The BBC's charter, which expires in 1962, may be extended two years so that the whole field can be reappraised at the same time.) The Tory government and Labor opposition are both in favor of expanding Britain's broadcasting services, but first there is a cluster of technical problems to be solved. And after a technical advisory committee has sorted these out, a high-level commission of inquiry will have brooded and recommended action on the matters of policy. After that, no doubt, there will be more goggle-boxes with more TV programs.

Meanwhile, the interesting, controversial question is: Who should get the third television channel—the BBC or ITV? The noncommercial BBC is financed by license fees paid by purchasers of TV sets. Britain's first public service broadcasting corporation is confident that, with certain modifications in the current apportioning of the license fees to different government departments, the BBC could operate a third noncommercial channel with no rise in license fees. The opinion is strong within the BBC, however, that when any new TV channels become available they ought to be used, not to start a third service, but to close up those gaps in the present national reception pattern where not even the BBC may be seen now. The commercial network people (who, in many cases, are embarrassed by the fantastic profits they are making) seem to be divided. Some are content to perpetuate the current commercial monopoly enjoyed by eleven program companies. Others, with some sense of guilt, perhaps, or with a professed philosophical aversion to monopoly, desire relief from their embarrassment of riches.

The British public, when sampled by the *Daily Express* late in 1958 (the result was "believed to be confirmed by private surveys made by the television industry"), preferred to see a third channel go to the BBC (43 per cent), ITV (21 per cent), other organization (24 per cent), don't know (12 per cent). This does not mean British audiences don't like or don't view ITV. Mr. R. J. E. Silvey, head of audience research for the BBC, told me that generally "at any given moment in the evening, something like two-thirds of the viewers are watching ITV and one-third are tuned to the BBC." There is widespread criticism, however, among the British public, of advertising excesses on ITV, allegedly permitted by a weak and passively permissive Television Authority (shades of the FCC!). A Gallup poll in the *News Chronicle* on March 10, 1959, revealed that 46 per cent of the respondents were *annoyed* by commercials at the beginning and end of programs, 27 per cent liked them, and 27 per cent were indifferent. The response to the *middle* commercial was far more extreme. Eighty-one per cent said they were annoyed by middle commercials, only 5 per cent liked them, and 14 per cent were indifferent. I heard it said, while I was in London, that many a Tory M.P. who originally voted for commercial television now takes a much dimmer view of the negative "American" aspects of ITV, and is not eager to spread the virus. The Labor opposition is outspoken in its refusal to give a third service to commercial television. Politically, Labor is resigned to living with one commercial channel. Being a "people's" party, the Laborites have adjusted to the people's acceptance of ITV. It is rather ironical that the most successful capitalist enterprise in modern Britain is so firmly rooted in worker support. The Labor group is also reluctant to offend friendly newspapers who have made substantial investments in television.

Mr. Christopher Mayhew, Labor M.P., in his Fabian Society pamphlet "Commercial Television—What Is to Be Done?" urges sharp reform of ITV, including reduction in advertising time, elimination of the middle commercial, a 15 per cent ceiling on American material at normal viewing hours, prohibition of newspaper ownership of TV shares, and a strengthening of the Television Authority. The Labor M.P., however, who is also an experienced broadcaster, told me that he would not favor giving the third television service to the BBC. He believes the BBC is already too large and that its TV arm is unduly dominated by its senior sound broadcasting department. An advocate of diversity, Mr. Mayhew would create a new, independent public service corporation, similar to the BBC, which would operate the third television channel. While some powers would permit this new corporation to take advertising without profits, the author of the pamphlet has a more provocative proposal. He expects the ITV profits, in a while, to level off at roughly eighty million pounds a year. As a condition for renewing the licenses of the commercial companies, he would require them to contribute perhaps thirty million pounds annually to a general broadcasting fund, out of which would come the necessary money to operate the new third channel without advertising. This new channel, then, along with the BBC television, and possibly PAYV, could collectively give the public what it wants as *individuals* as well as what it wants as *mass*.

FIVE years of experience with a BBC-ITV struggle for audience seems to have caused the BBC to abandon its legendary attempt "to do good by stealth," to elevate the mass taste. There seems to be a feeling that in a democracy, given a choice, the tastes of viewers will bear a direct relation to the level at which their formal education stopped; the higher the education, the more serious the tastes are likely to be, and the smaller the amount of television viewing. Thus the schools are given a weightier challenge and a larger opportunity. Thus, too, in a democracy (here as well as in Britain) the broadcasting services ought more and more to find ways and means of serving the public of the individual as well as the public of the mass. Attitudes, it is argued, are shaped more by individuals, face to face, than by mass media (although recent British research does show significant differences in some of the attitudes of children who view TV and those who don't view). And if the individual in a democracy—the leaven in the lump—is to play his important role, he must be suitably nourished by the communications channels. This most vital nourishment he cannot get from a broadcasting service wholly or overwhelmingly committed to the mass. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

For Whom the Belles Atoll

PAPEETE.

WE HAD flown all the long Pacific night, 2,600 miles south and slightly east out of Honolulu. The pilot let down in the morning light, and groped through the overcast for the lone dot of an island ringed by the coral reef anchored there in Pacific isolation. Lower and lower he came while the passengers wondered if indeed there was a tower to talk to or, if need be, an alternate field on some atoll to bring this big bird to rest. Then suddenly there was green under a wing and the wheels touched down gently on the moldering U.S. wartime airstrip at the tropical outpost called Bora Bora. Thus began, late this spring, regular service to Tahiti from the mainland of the United States by Transports Aériens Intercontinentaux, a French line which will fly around the world, linking itself with the homeland by the Air France jet over the pole from California to Paris.

The new service, using DC-7s until the jets come in next year, is running once a week out of Los Angeles with a short stopover in Honolulu. Until the new airport is built, TAI can get its big land planes only as far as Bora Bora. For the last leg, 165 miles to Papeete, it must rely on the seaplanes of RAI (Réseau Aérien Interinsulaire). The rain-swept morning when we rolled to a stop at the strip called Motu Mute, on the reef of Bora Bora, the legendary dancing girls hid under the cover of the thatch-topped waiting shed, frangipani and all, while the passengers were ushered into the snack bar by barefoot boys with umbrellas. The shelter, if not the weather, was a vast improvement over the facilities I remembered from a trip here four years ago, when there was nothing but the pot-holed runway and a rickety ladder left behind by the departed military. Now, as we waited, there came the drone of the flying boat overhead, as invisible to us as we were to it. Then the drone disappeared and it was clear that RAI had turned back to Tahiti to wait until the rain let up. There was beer at the bar and the Bora Borans made music deep into the afternoon. It rained so hard one half-expected Jeanne Eagels to appear in the doorway and curse the downpour. And then finally it was over and we lifted our soggy gear and walked the quarter-mile down to the dock to board the launch. RAI's Sunderland waited in the bay.

We may have looked like an overstuffed pelican in flight, but we landed like a swan by the very last glimpse of daylight. By the time the launch delivered us to the new arrival and departure station at Faaa, the place of many vowels, the Tahitian night had descended in earnest. There had been a vast improvement in landing facilities here too; the functionaries worked now in a shiny tile building complete with bar looking over the water. But what a difference in that arrival four years ago, when we came from Bora Bora in a great white Australian flying boat and an armada of *pirogues* pad-

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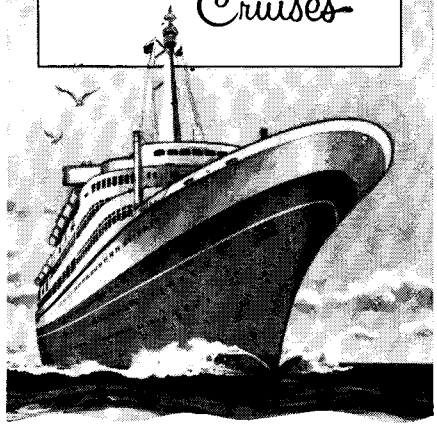

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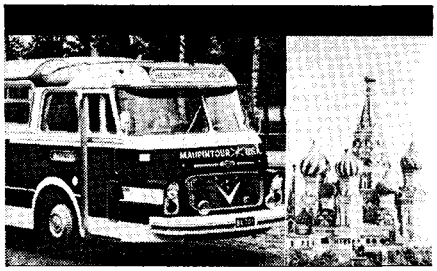
dled by Tahitians in flowered crowns had floated out to meet us.

Now at dockside there was a fleet of Renaults, all of them with Avis rent-a-car stickers on the rear window, waiting to take us out to the hotels. We rolled along the shore road past Les Tropiques, which for so long has been Tahiti's lone repose of semi-refined dining and dancing. In the mud we skidded up to the bungalows of the new Hotel Tahiti, which, when it is finished (hopefully, this July) will be the largest hostelry French Polynesia has ever known. The Tahitian-style thatch-topped cottages are the last word in island elegance and comfort, for they have big sitting rooms with ice boxes, spacious bedrooms, and enormous baths with stall showers and hot water, which in Tahitian hotel terms is nothing short of regal splendor.

The tiki carvers and the weavers of split bamboo, the carpenters and the masons had been routed from the great long house that will be the Hotel Tahiti's bar so that Spencer Weaver, the American entrepreneur of the project, could stage a reception for the visitors and for the local American colony. At the door with a kiss for each cheek and a loud and long complaint about the piece I had done on her four years ago (*SR*, July 14, 1956) was the widow of James Norman Hall, now a Tahitian matron in a smart cocktail suit, and her daughter Nancy Rutgers and her son-in-law Nick of the Johnson and Johnson family, who live now in Tahiti. "They have the only swimming pool on the island," says Mrs. Hall. There was Jeanne Jacquemin, for long years the official tourist directress in the days when there was little tourism and none was encouraged. Mme. Jacquemin continues, but across the room is the new chief, a bright young bachelor named Guy de Noaillat, dispatched from Paris and brimming with erudition, information, confidence. There is Fred Cole, who markets bathing suits under the name of Cole of California. He has become hopelessly enmeshed in the mystique of Tahiti, has built a Tahitian-style house in Hollywood, is building another outside Papeete, commutes between the two wearing the distinctive high-crowned Tahitian hat of fine white woven straw festooned with a hatband of shells. I recognized the beefy pilot from the TEAL flying boat which for years had the sole scheduled franchise, flying fortnightly into Tahiti from Fiji. Four years earlier we had been at a *tamaaraa* together when the girls danced and dived in the spring-fed pool in their *pareus* and served us raw fish to be dipped in coconut milk and eaten with the fingers. He had grown heavier with the years and looked ahead now to a desk job in Honolulu. He



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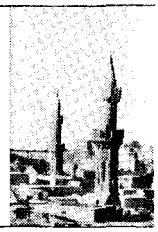

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would miss the run on which for so long his company had held the exclusive rights. As he had that day by the girl-filled pool, he now wore a crown of flowers on his brow above his florid face, this one donated by the hostess, Mrs. Spencer Weaver. Four years ago Mrs. Weaver had been part of the Tahitian dancing group that had entertained Weaver and myself and a party of excursionists down from Hawaii. Later he returned and married her. Her grass skirt has been packed away and now, as the wife of the builder of Tahiti's largest hotel venture, she was chic in a white brocade suit that would have gone well at a dressy night at the theatre in Manhattan.

Outwardly there was no change in the look of Papeete when I drove to town the next morning. But tucked away here and there was a smart couturier that may make Tahiti a minor Hong Kong when the rush starts. A wisp of a Chinese seamstress named Marie Ah You has opened a handsome store front, makes postage-stamp Bikinis for $3, shorts and bras for $6, and the skirt of a pareu, the local sarong, for about $1.25. In the Hong Kong tradition, she keeps a stack of fashion magazines, both French and American, will copy any mode on order in a day or two.

Elsewhere, in the dingy Chinese general stores, any merchant will have the tailor run up a flowered man's shirt for two or three dollars, one-day delivery. At the dismal odds-and-ends bazaar called Tcheong Fat Co., at 108 Quai Bir Hakeim, I found extraordinary table mats of thousands of shells woven in concentric circles. Sonabo, opposite the yacht moorings, featuring creations by Rene Pailloux, has made the most of indigenous crafts, creating anything from Tahitian air mail stationery with a delicate line drawing of a Polynesian boy to a whole line of cutlery fitted with orange-spotted teribra shell handles. Pailloux makes trays inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the fifth largest industry of French Polynesia—which is now being strangled by plastics. The elliptical bait baskets of split bamboo, so distinctive of Tahiti, once bought by the odd traveler to make a lamp or a planter, have now been adapted by the souvenir makers and are sold in small sizes as handbags. So far nobody is stamping them "Tahiti" and importing them from Japan.

The best of woodwork and straw is stashed away at a shop called Manuia, Tahitian for "aloha," on the back street named for General de Gaulle. Shell leis come in a score of kinds and *tikis* displaying their gender more graphically than one would perhaps wish were the totem to be transported back home,

—*H.S.*

Tahiti—escargots on the table, an airport in the offing.

will be made on order and shipped anywhere. Large outriggers six feet long are $36, but intricately carved models two feet long, complete with carved paddlers, cost more. Manuia and Rene Pailloux sell Tahitian idols of tou wood, but by far the most impressive objets d'art are Manuia's war clubs, one to hold the victim by the throat, the other to bash him, imported from the Marquesas by Manuia's owner, a Chinese named Cambridge Shiu. As usual, it is the Chinese who comprise the merchant class, as they do in so many islands of exile throughout the East. Mingling in the French and Poly-

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nesian culture, they contribute to the exotic beauty of the island belles and to the incredible signs of Papeete, not the least memorable of which is the one that reads, "On Lee Kai—Choucroute."

Quinn's Tahitian Hut, under the flamboyant trees along the Quai Bir Hakeim, is, I suppose, the landmark it always was, but it is patronized by an itinerant crew of cheap, wisecracking townie girls that will offend anyone's traditional impression of what the maidens of Tahiti ought really to be. Eddie Lund, the lad from the Northwest who came here twenty years ago and stayed to learn the language and to write the music, is no longer at Quinn's, and after a short enforced exile requested by the French authorities is back in town writing music and operating the Bar Lea, a chink in a wall filled with smoke, music, arty visitors, and dancing that follows, without inhibition, the most primal of man's instincts. The tiny French restaurant I had stumbled on four years ago, run by a retired steward from a French line ship, has disappeared, but the cognoscenti were quick to give the word on the new place called Chez Chapiteau opened in Papeete by the former chef of Les Tropiques. While his immediate past employment is not, as the French are fond of saying, famous, the food is pure French neighborhood cooking in the best tradition, and the menu is larded with *gigots, escargots, asperges vinaigrette,* all served with a respectable selection of French wines. The room is not famous either, being as it is, as white as a subway lavatory. But the bouquet from the passing trays is intoxicating, a lone fan in the ceiling makes a passing effort at cooling the crowd drinking Amer Picon at the bar, and from any seat in the house there is a view of the Gauguin heads, dark, brooding, and alive. —HORACE SUTTON.

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Art as Patron

Continued from page 14

work may be remembered for generations to come."

Menotti's appraisal of our treatment of potential creators is an accurate one. The onus borne by the American youth who shocks his elders by preferring a career in one of the arts must be removed before significant numbers of people will begin to enrich our cultural lives. And one of the ways to accomplish this is through the hardheaded realization that years of impecunious struggle in the arts may, in time, produce a fortune.

For these reasons, an important contribution toward our cultural life could be made by the establishment of a fund, derived from such profits, for the purpose of assisting creative minds in every field of artistic endeavor.

No changes in our basic tax structure would be required, except to provide that out of any major profits made on works in the public domain, a fraction would be directed to a central fund, administered for the sole purpose of assuring fellowships to those creators who may not necessarily be commercially successful. Thus part of the earnings produced by creative works would be plowed back into the very field from which they came.

Another possibility is to impose small royalties on works in the public domain. Such royalties might be as low as 1 per cent, to be collected only when a substantial profit is made.

How might such a fund be administered? A committee composed of creators and critics of recognized ability could be given complete freedom to select deserving applicants. In order to qualify, the creator should show not only promise, but also genuine accomplishment. The seriousness of his purpose would not be difficult to determine, just as it would not be difficult to detect the phonies who would inevitably be attracted by the promise of a handout. There should be nothing charitable about the creative fund. When the artist has found a way of making his creativity profitable, the need to assist him ought to cease.

In the socialist system, there are many provisions that guarantee the creator a decent living. In our society no such provisions have yet been made. A creative fund could lead to a significant change in our scale of values by placing the originators of cultural substance on a footing commensurate with their contribution to our lives.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHELLFISHNESS

Crustacea, bivalves, and their kin have not failed to attract the attention of poets. In proof thereof Lysander Kemp of Jocotopec, Jalisco, Mexico, submits a cluster of apt quotations and asks you to identify the authors. Answers on page 37.

1. Of the crow-blue mussel-shells, one keeps adjusting the ash-heaps; ( ) G. K. Chesterton
2. For you yourself, Sir, should grow as old as I am, if like the crab you could go backward. ( ) Thomas Gray
3. And like a lobster boil'd, the morn From black to red began to turn. ( ) Allen Tate
4. If nothing lay more develop'd the quahaug in its callous shell were enough. ( ) Robert Herrick
5. Her pretty feet Like snails did creep A little out . . . ( ) Marianne Moore
6. Who stuck like limpets to the spot, Lest they forgot, lest they forgot. ( ) John Hookham Frere
7. And all the little Oysters stood And waited in a row. ( ) William Shakespeare
8. I shall be but a shrimp of an author. ( ) Walt Whitman
9. You shift your sea-space blindly Heaving, turning like the blind crab. ( ) Samuel Butler
10. Ah! who has seen the mailèd lobster rise, Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies? ( ) Lewis Carroll

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Books in the News

Continued from page 17

"It's unheard of," cried Kuusinen, "that we still have such petty bourgeois in the fortress of the World Revolution." The sitting was suspended, and a Bulgarian, Vasil Kolarov, was assigned to explain the situation to the recalcitrant Italians. The point, said Kolarov, was simple: two groups were contending for power and the political question—the validity, actually, of Stalin's disastrous support of Chiang Kai-shek in China—was irrelevant. Silone was unconvinced, and refused to vote. As a result, the Italian Communist Party and its leadership came under fire. In reflecting on this episode at the time, Silone asked, "The vagabond, lonely, perilous lives that we are leading, strangers in our own countries—is it all for this?" Silone left the Comintern; Togliatti remained.

Much of the material on early Communist history, like Silone's, is autobiographical or anecdotal. There are surprisingly few scholarly histories of individual Communist parties, and even fewer which treat of this crucial decade in intimate detail. Draper's account, which goes up to 1930, is therefore of great importance. Of added interest is the fact that he was able to locate the "minutes" of the Political Bureau of the American Communist Party—over 1,000 pages in all—and this documentation gives the book a dimension rare in the studies of any social movement.

Draper's volume, sponsored by the Fund for the Republic, continues his earlier, equally pathbreaking work, "The Roots of American Communism," but the interested, general reader can begin quite easily with the present volume, which is essentially self-contained. An introductory chapter recapitulates the early history and picks up the threads in 1922, when the Party came up from the underground. A long section traces the relationship of the renascent Communist Party with the abortive Farmer-Labor movement of 1922-1924, and points out that the Communists would have gained and probably extended their influence in the trade union movement, if not for the intervention by Moscow, for reasons little to do with the American scene, that forced the repudiation of the Farmer-Labor movement and of La Follette.

There is fascinating detail on the origin of the "front" organizations, one of the great political inventions of the twentieth century. The section on "united fronts" with other parties, and the tactical role of the Communists, is relevant not only as history but to the understanding of the maneuvers of the Communist parties of India and Cuba today. The chapter on "self-determination in the Black Belt," that extraordinary grotesque proposition propounded by the Party that the Negroes, being a "nation," should form their own republic in the South, is a masterpiece of sociological detective work.

But the bulk of the story is on the maneuverings of the various factions within the Party for power, and the courting of support of "Moscow." In Chekhov's "Three Sisters," the overwhelming urge of the women in the provincial town is to go to Moscow. Over and over is repeated the magical phrase, "to Moscow, to Moscow." It was the same in the hinterlands of world Communism. Long before Moscow sent its *diktats* to the national parties, the American Communist leaders turned tropistically to Moscow for direction. Moscow held preeminence not only because it was the source of financial and material support of the parties, but because it was the Grail of the revolution. By 1925 the Comintern was able to step in and not only arbitrate factional differences but to break and make the Communist leadership, to the extent even of simply overriding the majority decisions of a Party convention.

Once the Comintern was in complete control it moved to fashion a new organizational structure, an act that is summed up in the word "Bolshevization." The Communist Party had inherited from its Socialist past a relatively loose structure, somewhat easy conditions of membership, and the existence of autonomous foreign-language federations. Bolshevization substituted centralized control, discipline, flexibility.

Many opponents of Communism have seen in this unique structure, in the creation of a "combat party," the secret of Communist organizational success. In practice, the Communist Party was never the exaggeratedly monolithic organization that its critics held it to be. Nor did "Bolshevization" make the ordinary member a "soldier of the revolution," as various literary accounts have put it. The import of Bolshevization was simpler: it was a mechanism for the elimination of dissent within the Party. If one had doubts one suppressed them, or got out, often with a psychological burden of guilt, but one could not organize factions within the Party and thus dissipate its energies in internal discussion, as other parties are prone to do, or deflect the members from the "line."

The last man in the American Party who challenged Stalin was Jay Lovestone (now an international affairs advisor to the A.F. of L.-CIO's George Meany). Lovestone went to Moscow in 1929 convinced that he could deal with Stalin as one leader of a Communist Party to another. He was mistaken. In a famous "graveyard" speech, as recorded by the last opposition, Stalin was supposed to have said, "Trotsky defied me. Where is he? Zinoviev defied me. Where is he? Bukharin defied me. Where is he? . . . There is plenty of room in our cemeteries." Twenty years later, Tito was able to defy Stalin because he had come to power with his own army and with his own police, and without Russian help. But elsewhere the cemeteries had filled up.

FOR anyone who has worked through the morass of documents and conflicting stories about Communist history, one can only admire Draper's work: the patient detail, the painstaking checking, and with it the narrative skill in weaving together detail and anecdote, document and vignette, into a lively, yet scrupulous history. In a book so crammed with detail there are also many extraordinarily funny and pathetic stories: the fantastic Cagliostro-like story of John Pepper, a Hungarian refugee, who like Gogol's Inspector-General, mesmerized the American Party for almost a decade; the publication abroad of the gist of Lenin's deathbed testament by Max Eastman, acting as a spokesman for Trotsky, only to have Trotsky, for tactical reasons, repudiate a document whose authenticity was finally vouched for by Nikita Khrushchev in his famous speech to the Twentieth Party Congress.

If there is a fault with Draper's book it is that in the intense concentration on the internal devolutions of the Party, he sometimes loses sight of the ideology and the appeals of Communism; and in beholding this bizarre, quarrelsome sect of millenarians so fiercely haranguing each other, one wonders how, in a few short years, they were able to blazon forth so strongly on the labor and liberal scene. But with such strictures one runs the risk of taxing an author for not writing one's own book, and Mr. Draper's is very good indeed.

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Invitations to Faraway Places

— *From "This Is London."*

By JOAN WINSOR BLOS, *associate, Publications Department, Bank Street College of Education.*

ANY KIND of going that involves leaving the home place is travel. It is a highly individual experience. Careful preparation can enhance it and books—which also serve during, after, and even instead of a trip—can be extremely useful beforehand.

Specific preparation through books is virtually impossible for the very young traveler since he cannot conceive where he isn't and when he wasn't. His comprehension depends largely on his experience. When the mother explains that in different countries different words are used, the four-year-old may ask sincerely, "Does that mean they'll say 'green' even when it's red?" In general, the adult who would choose a travel book for the very youngest will do best to think of the child first and the itinerary second.

The total experience of the school-age child puts him in a very different position. He can enter into the spirit of purposeful anticipation. Many a third-grader, fresh from television and textbooks, has proved a knowledgeable informant capable of astonishing his elders with details about Navaho hogans or the workings of some intricate medieval device. Whether or not they are going anywhere, these children love stories about new places and other times. They also enjoy factual books which introduce foreign countries, and they seem capable of remembering and organizing a great deal of information if it is concisely presented with vocabulary and format suitable to eight-to-twelve-year-old readers. Children of this age group are likely to be particularly appreciative readers of such vivid and colorful guides as the volumes by M. Sasek: **"This Is London," "This Is Rome," "This Is Paris"** (Macmillan, $3.75, $3.75, $3.50). These books not only represent the category of guidebooks for children, they are also Best in Show. Fresh and informative, they skilfully combine realistic views of cities and monuments with gay cartoons of their occupants and beholders. At times the author seems to expect too much sophistication of his audience but the error is forgivable.

Other books offer a less direct route and make their approach through stories with a particular national flavor or background. Well-constructed and entertaining stories can accomplish much in the way of introduction to new scenes and ways of life. Thus, for example, **"Titus in Trouble"** (Walck, $3.50), by James Reeves and Edward Ardizzone, is a pell-mell adventure of a boy in nineteenth-century London, and **"Black Forest Summer"** (Vanguard, $3), by Mabel Esther Allen, is a romance for ten-to-fourteen-year-old girls set in southern Germany. Other books effectively combine authenticity with humor. Among the more successful are the rollicking **"Perils of Pacifico"** (Watts, $2.95), by W. H. Wood, Eric Allen's amusing **"Pepe on the Run"** (Barnes, $2.50), and the truly comic, boldly illustrated **"Pulcinella"** (Knopf, $2.95), by Rose Laura Mincieli.

Children who are old enough to take preparation for a trip seriously and independently may find good background material in the Landmark Books (Random House), World Background Books (Scribners), and North Star Books (Houghton Mifflin) and in numerous other series such as the informative **"Portraits of the Nations," "Getting to Know,"** and **"My Village"** books, published respectively by Lippincott, Coward-McCann, and Pantheon. They should also be encouraged to look at other historical and geographical accounts as well as relevant novels, biographies, autobiographies, and introductions to architecture and art. Children who have studied French, German, or Spanish in school may enjoy the new foreign language books, but none of these is satisfactory as a learn-it-yourself manual. Maps, adult guidebooks, and brochures are well within the ken of most twelve-year-olds (some of whom have successfully been put in charge of travel literature for the family) while almost all of the adult books on travel will serve teen-agers as well.

THERE is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Or any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.

This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears the human soul!

—From "The Poems of Emily Dickinson" (*Little, Brown*)

An unfortunate but common fallacy is that a trip's importance is directly proportional to the number of miles accomplished, with the crossing of an ocean raising the whole equation to some large and mystical power. In truth, though, excitement and interest are not the exclusive properties of trips abroad. For childen especially, trips within the boundaries of the United States present places quite as new and strange as those farther away. Preparation for such journeys is by no means superfluous and appropriate books are readily available. A limited sampling might include the useful and interesting **"First Book of National Parks"** by Norman Lobsenz (Watts, $1.95), **"Old Ramon"** by Jack Schaefer (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), which is probably one of the finest pastoral novels for young people, and **"Appomattox Road"** by Manly Wade Wellman (Washburn, $2.95), all of which demonstrate that books about our own country parallel those about other lands. Collections of folk tales—**"Peetie the Pack Rat"** by Van Clark (Claxton, $5),**"The Sooner Hound"** (See *SR*, February 20, 1960), **"Mike Fink"** by Harold W. Felton (Dodd, Mead, $3)—may supplement more explicit preparation for domestic as well as foreign travel. Finally, such books as Helen Kay's **"A Summer to Share"** (Hastings House, $3) remind us that when a city child goes for the first time to the country, that warrants preparation too.

The usefulness of books in helping to prepare for a trip should not be allowed to overshadow their on-the-spot value. They not only serve to augment the adventure when it finally occurs but also may provide needed relief from the impact of novel and intense situations. And, of course, long after everybody is back home with the last souvenir distributed and the final roll of film processed, books serve as a fine reminder of places visited. In many ways, books, with their versatility, their special capacity to prepare for, extend, and recall experience, are particularly well-adapted to the wonderful sequence of emotions and events which comprise travel. At least a few belong in every well-packed suitcase.

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NIGHT OUTDOORS. *By Naomi Buchheimer. Illustrated by Dorothy Teichman. Putnams.* 45 *pp.* $2.50. The slight, realistic story of a family on a week-end camping trip has a vocabulary, type, and format suitable for independent reading by second graders. Its very simplicity will also make it an attractive read-aloud story for younger children. Ages 4-8.

LET'S READ MORE STORIES. *Selected by Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg. Illustrated by Dagmar Wilson. Garden City.* 160 *pp.* $2.95. Like its predecessor, "Let's Read A Story," this is a varied and interesting anthology. Such a collection of stories and poems by many well-known authors has a place in every child's library and may be particularly welcome on a long rainy day at home or in the *pension*. Ages 4-9.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD. *By Laura Bannon. Illustrated by the author. Houghton Mifflin.* 48 *pp.* $3. A day in the life of a small Japanese boy has many similarities to a day in the life of a small American boy, but their ways of eating, dressing, shopping, traveling are vastly different. The author communicates the differences and the likenesses in a way that will be meaningful to young listeners. The illustrations of Japanese scenes are truly delightful. Ages 5-8.

—From "The Burro Benedicto."

MABELLE LA BALEINE. *A Beginning-to-Read French Book. By Patricia King. Illustrated by Katherine Evans.* **TULITA LA PATITA.** *A Beginning-to-Read Spanish Book. By Nicholas P. Geordiady and Louis G. Romano. Illustrated by Dagmar Wilson. Follett.* 30 *pp.* $1.25 *each.* These stories of a whale and a duck are also available as phonograph records ($3.50). The idea of such simultaneous publication is a fine one and overcomes many of the drawbacks to be found in beginning language books. Both Tulita and Mabelle are entertaining animal characters, though the locale of Tulita the duck and her unusual choice for a nest site provide more useful words for a young beginner than Mabelle the whale's difficulties in a too-shallow reservoir. Ages 5 up.

BENNY'S FLAG. *By Phyllis Krasilovsky. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. World. Unpaged.* $2.50. An interesting presentation of the true story of the origin of Alaska's state flag (the Big Dipper and North Star in white on a blue field). The illustrations give a lively impression of the people and the varied scenery of our northernmost state. Ages 6-9.

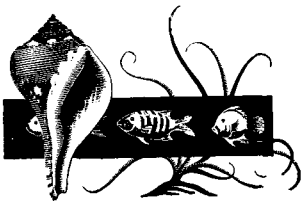
A WISH FOR LITTLE SISTER. *By Jacqueline Ayer. Illustrated by the author. Harcourt, Brace. Unpaged.* $2.95. The author has spun a story around her vivid illustrations of silk weavers in Bangkok. Pictures as bright as Siamese fabrics show strands of silk being washed in the river, hung to dry, spun into thread, and woven on looms. The plot is almost superfluous to this brilliant glimpse of Thailand. Ages 6-9.

THE BURRO BENEDICTO. *By Philip D. Jordan. Illustrated by R. M. Powers. Coward-McCann.* 92 *pp.* $3.50. A brilliant cover and stunning line drawings and decorations surround this collection of Mexican stories and legends. All of the tales are well known in Mexico. Some give explanations of holidays and place names; some are romantic legends that have counterparts in all folklore. A few are too slight and specialized to sustain interest. Ages 7-12.

SHAN'S LUCKY KNIFE. *By Jean Merrill. Illustrated by Ronni Solbert. Scott. Unpaged.* $3. A humorous Burmese folk tale about the outwitting of a sly and tricky, boatmaster by a country boy. Colorful glimpses of life in Burma appear in the expert illustrations. Ages 8-11.

MY FIRST GEOGRAPHY OF THE PANAMA CANAL. *By Arensa Sondergard. Illustrated by Mel Silverman. Little, Brown.* 60 *pp.* $3.50. **MY FIRST GEOGRAPHY OF THE SUEZ CANAL.** *By Arensa Sondergard. Illustrated by F. Wenderoth Saunders. Little, Brown.* 62 *pp.* $3.50. The author is more generous than her title indicates, for she describes the historical and political background that led to the building of the canals and the difficulties of constructing them, as well as picturing the surrounding terrain and the structure and use of canals today. The information is clear though crowded. Both books are fully and brightly illustrated. Ages 8-11.

THE FIRST BOOK OF ANCIENT ROME. *By Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr. Illustrated by John Mackey. Watts.* 69 *pp.* $1.95. A brief, concise, and interesting introduction citing many instances of Roman approaches to problems that are pertinent today. A first book that will lead some children to seek out seconds. Ages 8-11.



—From "Shells Are Where You Find Them."

YOUNG RUSSIA. *By Rita Vandivert. Photographs by William Vandivert. Dodd, Mead.* 61 *pp.* $3. A vivid photographic portrayal of Russian children in school and on holidays. Though the author points up the dominant role of the state in the lives of Russian children, no reader can miss the fact that they have interests in common with those of American youngsters. It is regrettable that there are not more pictures of family life. Ages 8-12.

SHELLS ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM. *By Elizabeth Clemons. Illustrated by Joe Gault. Knopf.* 86 *pp.* $2.75. An excellent book for the youngster who lives in, or is bound for, the more southerly coastal states. The author gives explicit directions for collecting and organizing shells and enough information to make a tolerable expert out of an interested beachcomber. Impeccable line drawings. Ages 8-12.

CEYLON. *By Christine Weston. Illustrated with photographs. Scribners.* 156 *pp.* $3.95. A distant land becomes immediate and memorable—perhaps because of the author's style, her research, her careful observation of people and places, but chiefly, one feels, because she *cares* about what it is like somewhere else. But none of the many pictures is worth a paragraph of Mrs. Weston's precisely evocative words. Ages 12 up. (To be published June 27.)

In addition to Mrs. Blos, reviewers for this issue (all members of the faculty of Bank Street College) are Irma Simonton Black, chairman, Betty Miles, and Ruth Sonneborn, of the Publications Department.

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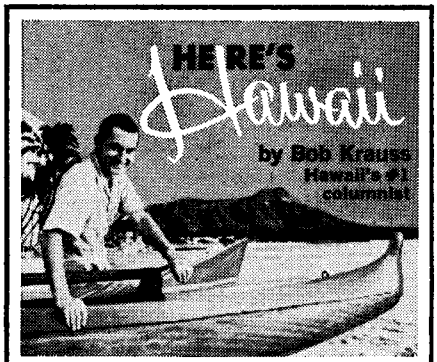

Introduction by JAMES A. MICHENER. "A *must* book for anyone at all interested in Alohaland." – H. ALLEN SMITH. $4.50

COWARD-McCANN

Mass Culture

Continued from page 13

to others, in which he can find the representations and points of view necessary to judge and change reality in the light of human values.

And so the issue is joined. But perhaps the two sides are not entirely irreconcilable. Is it not possible to enrich the range of individual responses and even extend awareness of the self while at the same time limiting the bases of individual self-direction? Allen Wheelis in his stimulating book "The Quest for Identity" suggests that such indeed might be the fate of the individual in a mass culture. He finds that the range and variety of experience have been extended but that it is less stable and less integrated than before. Modern man has become more sensitive to hidden motivations in himself and in others; he *has* to know which way every wind blows because his own compass and rudder—his own coherent sense of self—is deficient. A war in Korea, a play on Broadway, a new philosophy in France—all these are experienced more quickly and widely than ever before. The elements we are called upon to integrate are more numerous, less homogeneous. But what common assumptions do they provide about life, man, and the world? A coherent sense of self, writes Wheelis, "depends upon the awareness that one's endeavors make sense, that they are meaningful in the context in which life is lived. It depends upon stable values, and upon the conviction that one's actions and values are harmoniously related. It is a sense of wholeness, of integration, of knowing what is right and what is wrong and of being able to choose." The change in the experienced quality of life in the mass-produced culture that has come upon us in the last fifty years makes such an identity harder to achieve and harder to maintain.

SOCIAL research in communications and popular culture has amply demonstrated that long-run consequences, remote satisfactions, public rewards, or generalized social benefits of whatever survival value make cash registers jingle only if they can be shown to relieve a felt individual want, fear, or anxiety. We are unable to mobilize much cultural support for aims which do not yield an immediate payoff for somebody producing some commodity for some market. Public agencies are effectively excluded from the mass-cultural field. This leaves the field clear for the privately controlled consumer-oriented media to play the roguish, indulgent uncle. Already the pre-school child senses, and through parental restrictions and teacher admonitions will surely learn, that of all the major socializing agencies he encounters, only the mass media are unreservedly and untiringly "on his side."

Being on the side of the individual who is mobile, searching, suspicious, and aware of many of the paradoxes but rarely of the social roots and structure of his existence—this has become an increasingly scientific art, and one to which more and more energy is being devoted.

Let me offer a case in point. Adult minds and adult money are heavily invested in what the trade calls the "youth market." Recent studies show that 16,000,000 boys and girls between fourteen and nineteen years of age have a combined spending power of $9 billion a year; in five years this market is expected to number 24,000,000 youngsters with $14 billion in spending money.

THIS is a gigantic plum, considerably more than what we spend for all public and private schools for these same people. As competition for this market becomes more intense, the appeals used become more insistent, attractive, and compelling. Every swell of teen-age interest from pajama parties to horror films is scrutinized for mass-media and merchandising tie-in implications. If the signs are auspicious, the ripple may be fanned into a tidal wave that sweeps across the country. Clearly, it pays to formulate some principles about whom and what the young customer of mass culture will perceive as being "on his side."

The trade journal *Motivations* formulated such principles two years ago in a series of summaries of adolescent motivations research. Any market appeal, explained one report, is "the more successful the more it is 'on the consumer's side.' But to no other group in society will the appearance of someone 'who is on my side' be as welcome as to the adolescent." Another report stated the challenge to strategy in these terms: "A young man with a guitar rises from out of nowhere to become—through recorded sales, movies, TV appearances, and all the tie-ins from clothing to fan magazines—a multimillion-dollar business. Why?"

Let me summarize their answers. They begin with the well-known observation that adolescence is a prolonged transitional state of anxiety, uncertainty, skepticism, and even brand-disloyalty. The teen-ager is suspicious of double standards, preachiness, exaggerated assertions. "He has discovered that his parents can be wrong, narrow, and rigid; that other families and groups have other standards," the researchers note. His is a "'twilight world' where

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what is done clashes with what *should be* done." The only standards the adolescent can trust, advise the researchers of motivation, "is the notion 'if everyone else does it, wears it, likes it, it *must* be good.'" The evidence indicates, they assert, that "the adolescent group remains wholly captivated by the appeal which tells him 'This is the right thing; this will show that you belong; this will prove that you are in the know.'"

In this context, and from this point of view, that "young man with the guitar" presents a very different picture from the more customary adult image. "The Appeal of Elvis" is seen as a multimillion-dollar response to the adolescent's need to "resonate" with *something* in our civilization.

> Man needs to resonate, to respond "in tune with" his world and his society [write the motivation experts]. This universal need for responding in fullness of emotion, in concert with others, is seen operating in the "primitive" ritual dance, the blood-stirring powers of the military march, etc.
>
> But to what, in modern life, *can* the young respond in concert with their fellows? Too excitable, too total a response at home is frowned upon. School life offers little opportunity for a response of total being.
>
> So the youngsters . . . find in the musical forms and in individual stylists (both of which originate in the restlessness of society) those external rhythms which match and bring out their own internal stirrings, and they "resonate," quite literally "in tune with" these rhythms. When interviewed, they said to us: "His voice just *thrills* you inside." Or, "He has a way that gets right into you." The music arises from needs very like their own.

This is a description of the cultural process which some social critics describe as mass-manipulation and regard as totally antagonistic to the democratic ideal of individuality. But what appears to the critic as cultural totalitarianism, the trade researchers see as "total response." They conclude with the following observation:

> Presley's songs, all in one way or another, express the theme of (a) "respond to me totally—allow me to respond to you totally." (b) "Don't push me around—I am an independent person." (c) "I can tell off the world if I feel like it."

In the cozy embrace of mass-marketed culture, young people are most likely to find the choice of all consumers: "Respond totally in concert with others, and you can, at the same time, tell off the world if you like." They are least likely to find the choice of the citizen: "Reflect upon your world if you like, and, in concert with others, change it."

The dominant market-orientation of mass culture limits its major functions to cashing in on the *status quo* and merchandising such gratifications as can be profitably cultivated under the circumstances. With all his psychic mobility and extended self-awareness, the young American today is in desperate search of identity because the satisfactions he is compelled to cultivate make him an increasingly *private* animal. Careful studies of students' attitudes show that their goals in life are couched almost entirely in terms of self-reference such as personal amusement, consumption, and diversion. Even among college freshmen, only 3 per cent chose usefulness to others or to one's community as an achievement to be "most proud of." "We find other evidence," wrote James M. Gillespie and Gordon W. Allport, "that the American student, by and large, manages to separate himself from the political and social context of his existence. The term *privatism* has been used to label this particular state of mind."

The complexity of the structure of our relationships to others places on popular culture increasing demands to illustrate, illuminate, explain, and dramatize the meaning of being a man in a collective society. Whether we call it information, entertainment, or even escape, I think it is basically this quest which explains the alacrity with which we embrace every basic innovation in popular culture. But the "privatized" individual finds his hidden thirsts increased rather than quenched.

Overprivileged as a consumer and undernourished as a citizen, the purely private individual is a perpetual Walter Mitty. His daydreams of identity represent flight from insight into the broader context of his existence. From his ranks come addicts of the schizophrenic images of Superman. Mass-produced sadism and irrational violence are his staple diet. These afford private gratification in their cheapest, and therefore most profitable, form; they can thrill him while he "tells off the world" without having to enter into any consequential relations with it. The purely private individual cannot think in Descartes' sense of critical reflection; he can only salivate to clues that evoke his "internal stirrings"; he can "resonate" but not reason. There, by the grace of mass culture, goes a challenge to all of us.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 8, 9, 5, 1, 10, 2, 4, 3, 7.

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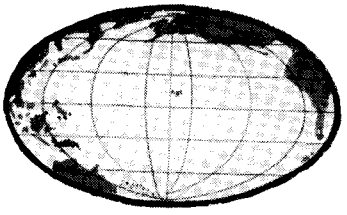

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Chess Corner–36

THE popular notion persists that chess is an epic battle when masters get together. Far into the night the wrangle goes on, with the adversaries ascribing to each other subtle and profound nuances in every play. This is a somewhat colored version. Many a time, on the contrary, a game is over before one of the contestants can say "discovered check." Below, for example, is a brilliant miniature and a "short-short" between giants of the chessboard whose names evoke a wholesome awe.

FRENCH DEFENSE

A. Nimzovich White
S. Alapin Black

1	P-K4	P-K3	10 B-B3	Q-N3
2	P-Q4	P-Q4	11 Q-Q2	P-K4
3	N-QB3	N-KB3	12 O-O-O	PxN
4	PxP	NxP	13 BxQP	N-B3
5	N-B3	P-QB4	14 B-B6!	QxB
6	NxN	QxN	15 KR-Klch	B-K2
7	B-K3	PxP	16 BxNch	K-B1
8	NxP	P-QR3	17 Q-Q8ch	BxQ
9	B-K2	QxNP	18 R-K8 mate	

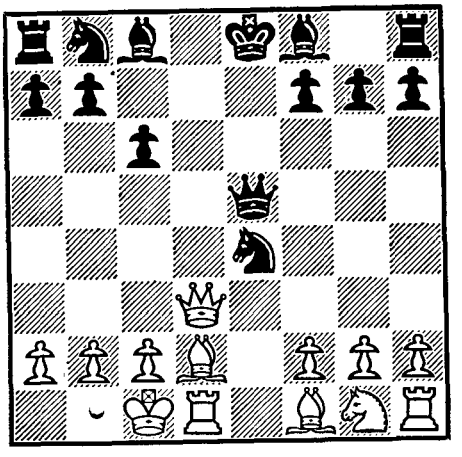
A Morphyesque finale!

CARO-KANN DEFENSE

R. Reti White
Dr. S. Tartakover Black

1	P-K4	P-QB3	5 Q-Q3	P-K4
2	P-Q4	P-Q4	6 PxP	Q-R4ch
3	N-QB3	PxP	7 B-Q2	QxKP
4	NxP	N-KB3	8 O-O-O	NxN?

White mates in three!



9	Q-Q8ch	KxQ
10	B-N5ch	K-B2
11	B-Q8 mate	

—AL HOROWITZ.

Humanitarians

Continued from page 21

tries would not accept them because they were old, diseased, maimed, or without relatives. The European states and the Relief Organizations provided them a minimal subsistence, a shelter—often little better than a cow byre—and a segregate life in which they could breed and die with no hope for themselves or their children.

Georges Pire, a Christian and a priest, understood that man has need of a fundamental dignity in his life. Without this dignity, his nature is debased, his spiritual responsibility diminished. He understood that to deprive a man of hope is to kill him more cruelly than with a bullet. His villages, built on charitable subscriptions, were designed to provide first a decent home, then a community in which the problems, the past, and the national tradition of the refugee would be understood, and, finally, a beginning of productive work for those who had had none for a long time. He imposed no boundaries on charity. He was prepared to cooperate with anyone of whatever faith or political persuasion. The "Europe of the Heart" was the brotherhood of man in action.

The book is awkwardly written, often stumbling in construction, but the subject dignifies the author and disarms the most captious critic. In this Refugee Year, I commend "The Open Heart" to all men of good will.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 887

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 887 will be found in the next issue.

WHFBST ONE ANCH

BUT DBOBUNUBLFT,

GSU TUSRBZBUE

BT FLU UAST

ANFZBYNRRHZ.

HDGHPU ASGGNPZ

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 886

You probably wouldn't worry about what people think of you if you could know how seldom they do. —MILLER.

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(Continued on page 40)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 39)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1369

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Blind channel leading out from a river (Australia).	145 115 31 1 12 35 190 169 59
B. Haughtily.	93 171 62 23 134 100 45
C. Clytemnestra's murderous boy friend.	29 4 75 64 191 165 153 144 131
D. Seasick.	26 33 73 113 181 104 177 99 140
E. Feeling disdain as for the mean, vile, or worthless.	178 60 42 184 154 94 118 187 14 150 47 79
F. Aristocrat of circus performers (2 wds. and comp.).	103 160 175 138 166 183 55 84 155 16 132 2 67 130
G. Frances Starr's starring vehicle, 1909, and again in 1921 (2 wds. after "The").	17 54 70 164 25 88 114 63 159 142
H. Specialist in accurate casting of edged weapons as an entertainment (comp. not in Webster as such).	52 58 40 135 80 18 188 182 13 8 36 152
I. Childish injunction to a ladybug (3 wds.).	15 10 149 107 185 110 170 167 129 173 126
J. Chubby.	51 71 125 146 83 81

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Time gone by (2 wds.).	68 157 133 22 86 168 111 66 27 34
L. In a manner of pouring out freely.	77 61 3 151 162 136 11 139
M. A course nicely spaced between two extremes (2 wds.).	85 57 109 101 92 20 49 37 96
N. Another word for Word A.	89 161 123 46 39 91 74 121 128
O. Western Hemisphere (2 wds.).	108 122 137 19 179 127 44 105
P. Moby Dick (2 wds.).	28 24 5 148 112 90 176 9 48 41
Q. The rule in chemistry that equal volumes of all gases under equal pressures etc. contain equal number of molecules (2 wds.).	7 180 141 117 50 43 189 143 78 21 69 53
R. Weariness from flagging of energy.	30 120 6 193 98 163 172 56 82
S. Artful deception.	65 192 158 87 72 156 106 32 95 186 116
T. In a strait-laced fashion.	102 147 76 124 38 174 119 97

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 A	2 F	3 L	4 C		5 P	6 R		7 Q		8 H	9 P	10 I
11 L		12 A	13 H	14 E		15 I	16 F	17 G	18 H		19 O	20 M	21 Q	22 K		23 B	24 P
25 G	26 D		27 K		28 P	29 C	30 R	31 A		32 S	33 D	34 K		35 A	36 H		37 M
	38 T	39 N	40 H	41 P	42 E	43 Q	44 O	45 B		46 N	47 E	48 P	49 M	50 Q	51 J	52 H	
53 Q	54 G	55 F	56 R	57 M	58 H	59 A		60 E	61 L	62 B		63 G	64 C	65 S	66 K		67 F
68 K	69 Q	70 G		71 J	72 S		73 D	74 N	75 C	76 T	77 L	78 Q	79 E	80 H	81 J		82 R
83 J	84 F	85 M	86 K	87 S	88 G		89 N		90 P	91 N	92 M	93 B		94 E	95 S	96 M	
97 T	98 R	99 D	100 B	101 M		102 T	103 F	104 D	105 O	106 S		107 I	108 O	109 M		110 I	
111 K	112 P	113 D	114 G	115 A	116 S	117 Q		118 E	119 T	120 R	121 N	122 O		123 N	124 T	125 J	126 I
127 O		128 N	129 I	130 F		131 C	132 F	133 K	134 B	135 H	136 L		137 O	138 F	139 L		140 D
141 Q		142 G	143 Q	144 C		145 A	146 J	147 T	148 P		149 I	150 E	151 L	152 H		153 C	154 E
155 F	156 S		157 K	158 S	159 G	160 F	161 N	162 L	163 R		164 G	165 C		166 F	167 I	168 K	169 A
	170 I	171 B	172 R		173 I	174 T	175 F	176 P	177 D		178 E	179 O	180 Q	181 D	182 H		183 F
184 E		185 I	186 S	187 E	188 H		189 Q	190 A	191 C	192 S	193 R						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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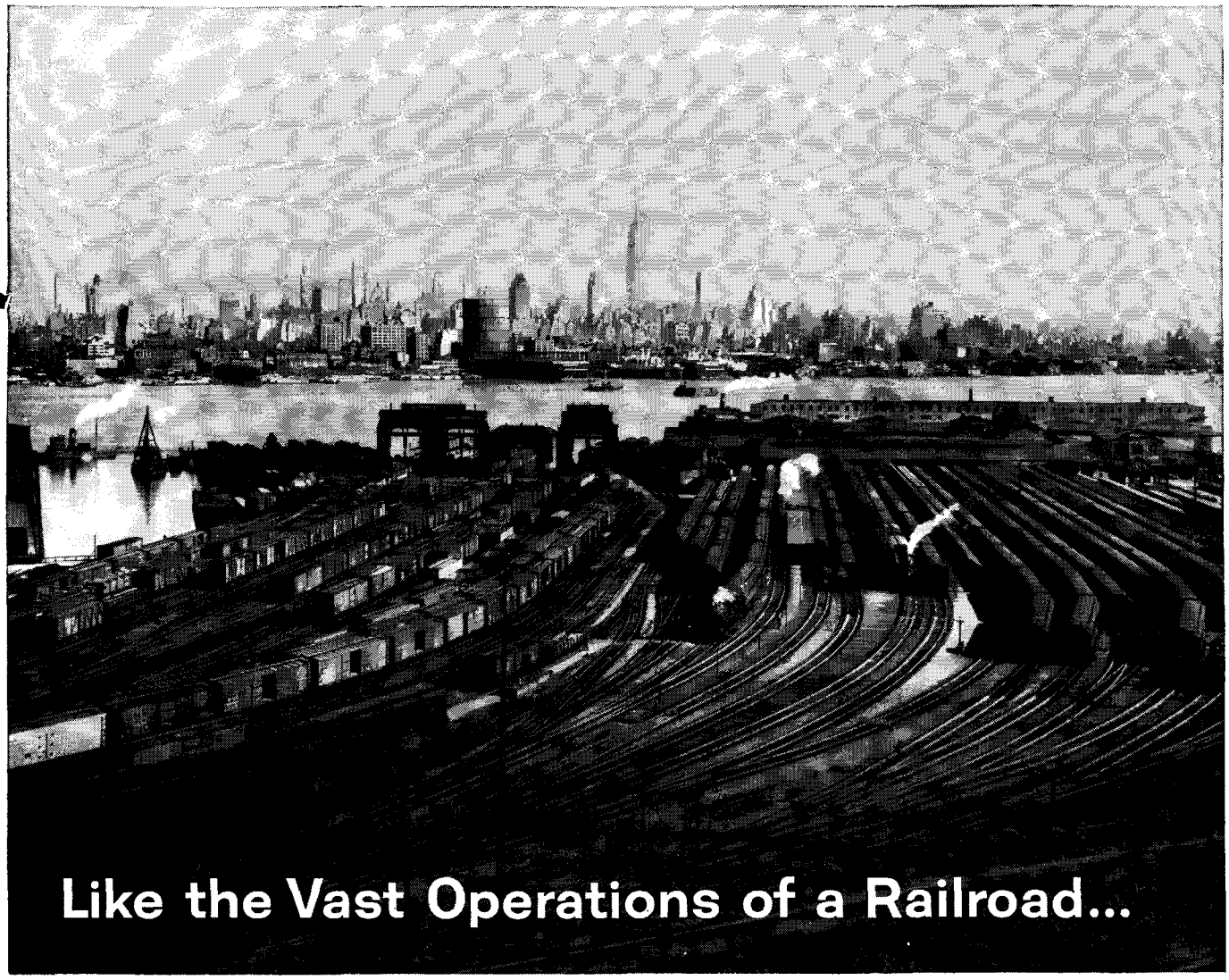
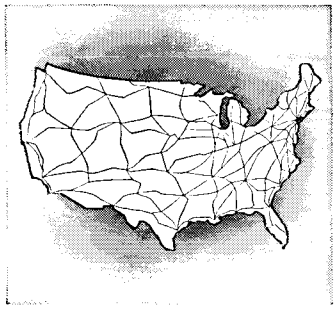


there's more to Cities Service than meets the eye!



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